

THE
SPIRIT MINSTREL;
A
COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND MUSIC,
FOR
THE USE OF SPIRITUALISTS, IN THEIR CIRCLES AND
PUBLIC MEETINGS.

By J. B. PACKARD & J. S. LOVELAND.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY BELA MARSH, 14 BROMFIELD ST.

F-46103

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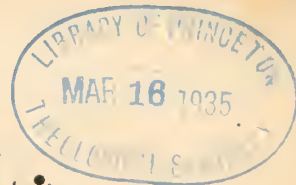
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THE
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SIXTH EDITION ENLARGED.

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P R E F A C E.

Spiritualism, as an element of social influence, has become a fixed fact. Nothing can conceal the truth that a wider, deeper and more potent influence is exerted by it than by any other principle merely moral. Circles meet in almost every community—Sunday meetings are held in various places—State Conventions are called, and books, pamphlets, and weekly and monthly periodicals are issued. The friends of Spiritualism will not wish to see that influence diminished, but extended. And nothing more powerfully contributes to such a result than the fascination of music and song. This has been seen, and a few partial attempts made to supply the want. The Spirit Harp and Spirit Voices furnish us some beautiful poetry, but there are such marked defects as to preclude their general use. Much of the Harp is not adapted to metre, while many pieces are of inordinate length, occupying from two to three pages. But the most vital defect is the fact that we have no music, and hence are obliged to use the cumbersome works of common church music.

In view of these defects and the increasing demand for a suitable book, we are induced to present this work, as accomplishing in part, what is needed. We conceive the true idea of a book for popular use to include both music and poetry, and have made our book accordingly.

We have endeavored to collect the best of the popular music, with what of poetry was adapted to the use of Spiritualists, which with what is original will render our Minstrel, we trust, a welcome visitant to many an aspiring soul and circle.

CHARLESTOWN, 1853.

THE EDITORS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by

B E L A M A R S H, .

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A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

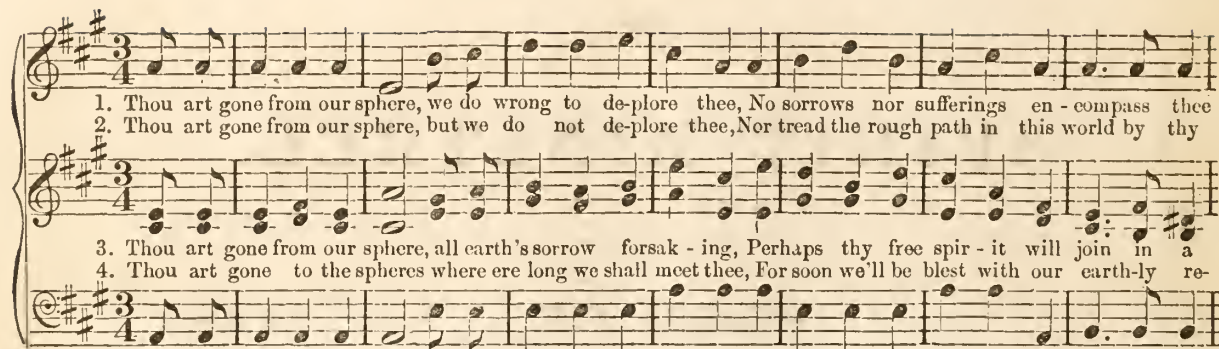
THE
SPIRIT MINSTREL.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

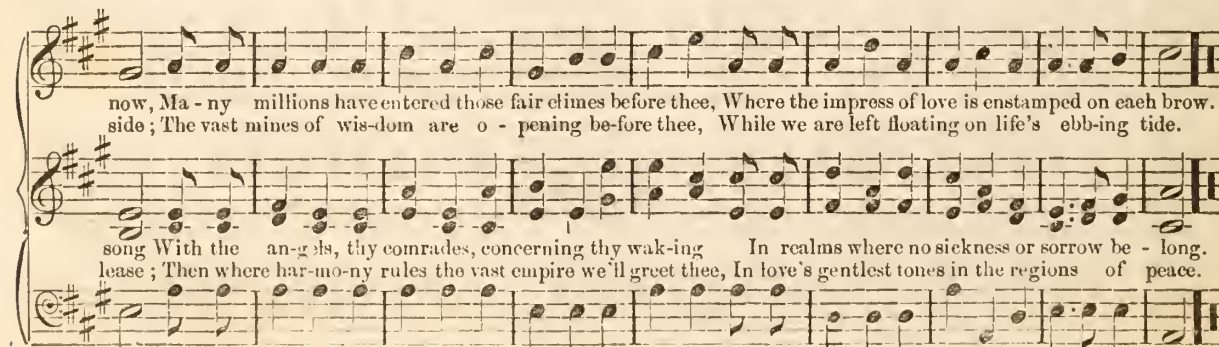
1. Now let our voices join To form a sa - cred song; Let pilgrims in the paths of earth With music pass a - long.
2. The flow'rs of par-a - dise In rich profu - sion spring; The Sun of glo-ry gilds the path, And dear companions sing.

3. See Heaven's golden spires In beauteous prospect rise; And brighter crowns than mortals wear Which sparkle thro' the skies.
4. All bright and pure are those Who mark the shining way, Who lead the weary wand'ers on To realms of endless day.



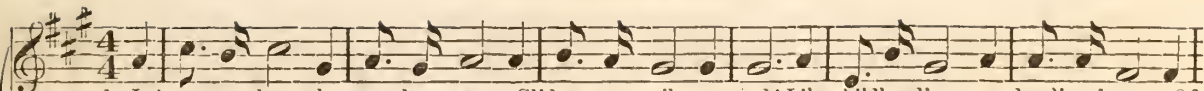
1. Thou art gone from our sphere, we do wrong to de-plore thee, No sorrows nor sufferings en-compass thee
 2. Thou art gone from our sphere, but we do not de-plore thee, Nor tread the rough path in this world by thy

3. Thou art gone from our sphere, all earth's sorrow forsak-ing, Perhaps thy free spir-it will join in a
 4. Thou art gone to the spheres where ere long we shall meet thee, For soon we'll be blest with our earth-ly re-

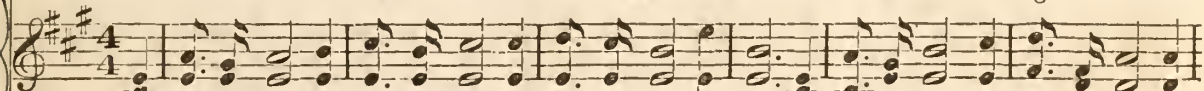


now, Ma-ny millions have entered those fair climes before thee, Where the impress of love is enstamped on each brow.
 side; The vast mines of wis-dom are o-pening be-fore thee, While we are left floating on life's ebb-ing tide.

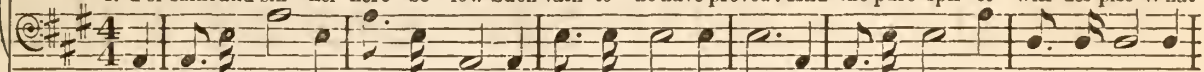
song With the an-gels, thy comrades, concerning thy wak-ing In realms where no sickness or sorrow be-long.
 lease; Then where har-mo-ny rules the vast empire we'll greet thee, In love's gentlest tones in the regions of peace.



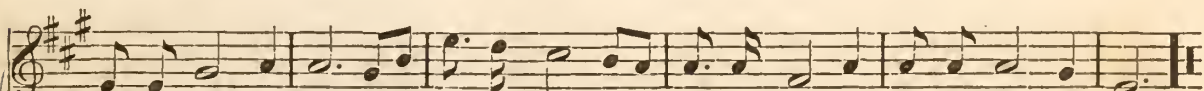
1. Is heaven a place where pearl-y streams, Glide o - ver sil - ver sand ! Like childhood's ro - sy dazzling dreams, Of
 2. Is heaven a clime where diamond dew's Glit - ter on fadeless flowers? And mirth and mu - sic ring a - loud From



3. Ah no ; not such, not such is heaven ! Sur-passing far all these ; Such cannot be the guerdon given, Man's
 4. For saint and sin - ner here be - low Such vain to be have proved ! And the pure spir - it will des-pise What-



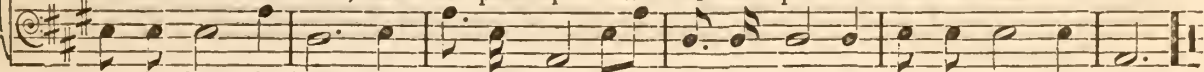
5. For to no one cre - a - ted thing, Shall our embrace be given ; But all our joy shall be in love ; For



some far fai - ry land ? Like childhood's ro - sy dazzling dreams, Of some far fai - ry land ?
 am - a - ran - thine bowers ? And mirth and mu - sic ring a - loud From am - a - ran - thine bowers ?



wea-ried soul to please, Such can - not be the guerdon given, Man's wea-ried soul to please.
 e'er the sense hath loved, And the pure spir - it will des - pise Whate'er the sense hath loved.



on - ly love is heaven, But all our joy shall be in love ; For on - ly love is heaven.

I'M A PILGRIM.

"MUSICAL GEMS."

End.

Alto.

1. I'm a pil - grim and I'm a stranger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

2. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin-ing, I am long-ing, I am long-ing for the sight,

3. Of that coun-try to which I'm go-ing, My Re - deemer, My Re - deemer is the light,

Retard.

D. C.

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the streamlets are ev - er flow - ing.

With - in a coun - try unknown and drea - ry, I have been wandering for - lorn and wea - ry.*

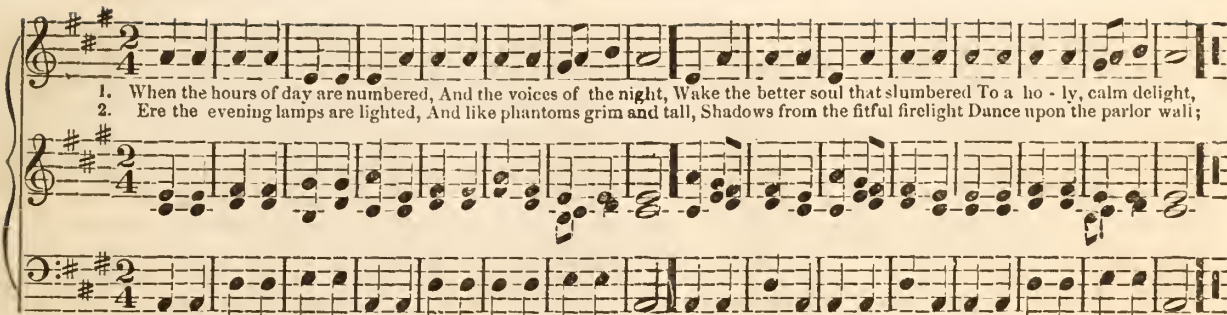
There is no sor - row, or any sigh - ing, Or any sin - ning or a - ny dy - ing.

* I'm a pilgrim, &c.

ANGEL FOOTSTEPS. 8s & 7s.

J. B. PACKARD.

1



1. When the hours of day are numbered, And the voices of the night, Wake the better soul that slumbered To a ho - ly, calm delight,
2. Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fitful firelight Dance upon the parlor wall;

3

Then the forms of the departed,
Enter at the open door;
'The beloved ones, the true hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

4

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Come the messengers divine,
Take the vacant chair beside me,
Lay their gentle hands in mine;

5

And they sit and gaze upon me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

6

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from their lips of air

TRIUMPHANT SONG. 7s & 6s.

J. B. PACKARD.

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and valley, ring - ing With one triumphant song,

2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly, And shady vales and fountain Shall echo the re - ply;

Proclaim the contest end - ed, And truth its throne obtain, In love to earth de - scend ed, In righteousness to reign.

High tower and lowly dwelling Shall send the chorus round, All hal - le - lu - jahs swelling In one e - ter - nal sound.

1. Go when the morning shineth, Go when the moon is bright, Go when the eve declineth, Go in the hush of night, Go with pure mind and
 2. Remember all who love thee, All who are loved by thee, Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If any such there be; Thou for thyself in

3. Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee In solitude to pray, Should holy thoughts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way, E'en then the silent

4. O, not a joy or blessing with this can be compared—The grace our Father gives us To pour our souls in prayer; Whene're thou pin'st in

feel - ing, Fling earth - ly cares a - way, And in thy closet kneeling, Do thou in se - cret pray. Do thou in se - cret pray.
 meekness, A bless - ing humbly claim, And blend with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Redeemer's name, Thy great Redeemer's name

breathing, Thy spir - it raised a - bove, Will reach his throne of glo - ry Where dwells e - ter - nal love, Where dwells e - ter - nal love.

sadness, Be - fore his footstool fall; Re - mem - ber, in thy gladness His love who gave thee all, His love who gave thee all.



1

O, thou, the Life, the Light, the Truth,
Whose law is writ in love,—
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
On earth as 'tis above.

2

Thy kingdom come,—O come in Thought
To these poor hearts of ours,
Till all is fair and sweet within,
As cells within the flowers.

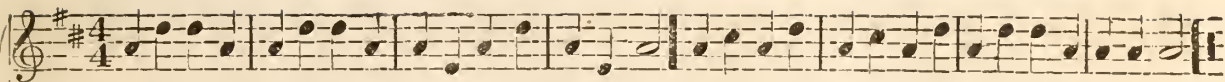
SECOND HYMN.

3

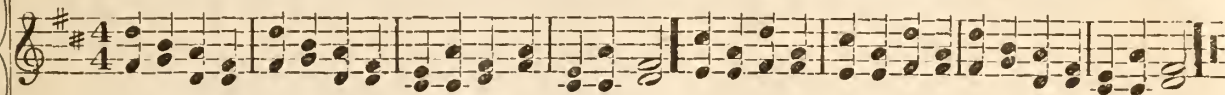
Thy kingdom come,—O come in Will
That purposes the Life,
The Truth to seek, the Good to win,
Where now are sin and strife.

4

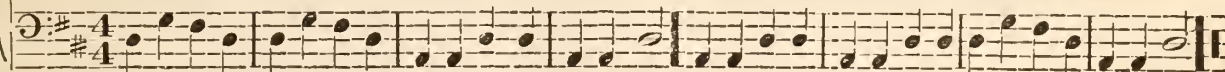
Thy kingdom come, O come in Deed,
And banish all our woes,
Until within each heart shall thrive
The lily and the rose.



1. Gently o'er the senses stealing, Lute-like comes an unseen throng, Spirits, waking each a feeling With a birth-baptismal song.



2. Chalice held by fairy fingers, Seems the soul—all brimming o'er—'Neath a fountain, still it lingers Where the living waters pour



3

Now, a mirror's disc it seemeth,
Far beneath a crystal flow,
Where the inner sun-light gleameth
As the bubbles upward go.

4

Beaming eye-light truly telleth,
In a language all its own,
That behind these glances dwelleth
Love, illuming pleasure's throne.

WANDERER, HASTEN HOME.

J. B. PACKARD.

1. Hark ! those bell-tones sweetly pealing, "Come, O, come," Far and wide me - lo - dious stealing, "come, O come,"

2. Hark ! the bell to prayer is call - ing, Wanderer come, In God's house with rev' - rent feeling, seek thy home,

3. Still the ech-oed voice is ring - ing "Come, O, come," Ev' - ry heart pure incense bringing, "Hith - er come,"

Come, O come, Come Come, O, come,
Through each heart the voice is thrilling, Storms of grief and passion stilling, Wanderer hasten home, Wanderer hasten home.

There's a mansion far a - bove thee, Where dwell spir - its pure and love-ly, Wanderer 'tis thy home, Wanderer 'tis thy home.
Fa-ther, round the al - ter bending, May our souls to heaven as-cend-ing, Find in thee their home, Find in thee their home.

Come, O, come, Come, Come, O, come.

1. I'm a lone-ly trav'ler here, Wea-ry, op-prest; But my journey's end is near—Soon I shall rest,
 2. I'm a wea-ry trav'ler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near— I must be gone,
 3. I'm a trav'ler to a land Where all is fair; Where is seen no broken baud, Saints, all are there,
 4. I'm a trav'ler, and I go Where all is fair; Farewell all I've loved below— I must be there,
 5. I'm a trav'ler, call me not— Upward's my way; Yonder is my rest and lot, I can-not stay.

Dark and drea-ry is the way, Toil-ing I've come—ask me not with you to stay, Yon-der's my home.
 Brighter joys then earth can give, Win me a-way; Pleasures that for-ev-er live,— I can-not stay.
 Where no tear shall ev-er fall, Nor heart be sad; Where the glo-ry is for all, and all are glad.
 Worldly honors, hopes and gain, All I re-sign; Welcome sor-row, grief and pain, If heaven be mine!
 Farewell earthly pleasures all, Pil-grim I roam; Hail me not, in vain you call, Yonder's my home.

LAND OF BLISS. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

J. B. PACKARD.

1. O Land of Bliss, my heart now turns With longing hopes to thee, As long the blossoms for the spring The sun-beams strive to
 2. O Land of Fruit, that hangs so rich Up - on thy bending trees, O when shall I beneath thy shade Inhale the swelling

3. And with me too, the be-ings loved, Find all of sor - row o'er, — When shall these tearful partings cease On life's re-treat-ing

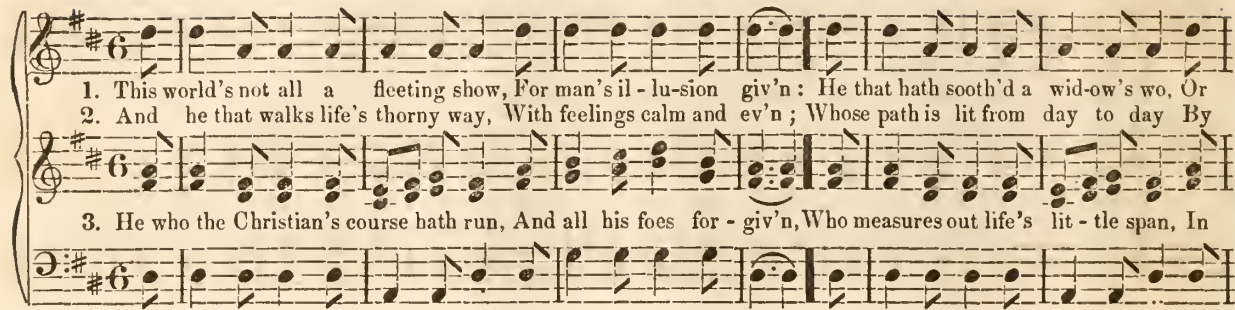
free; O stream of Time, on whose sweet wave, Like flowers upon thy breast, My tho'ts thy flowing tide doth bend Towards that sweet land of rest.
 breeze! And with these rapturous eyes behold The white-robed angel band, And drink the flowing landscape in, The sweet and dewy land!

shore? And by those living streams may pluck, The amaranth and rose, And drink the nectar from the streams Where deathless water flows?

Not too fast.

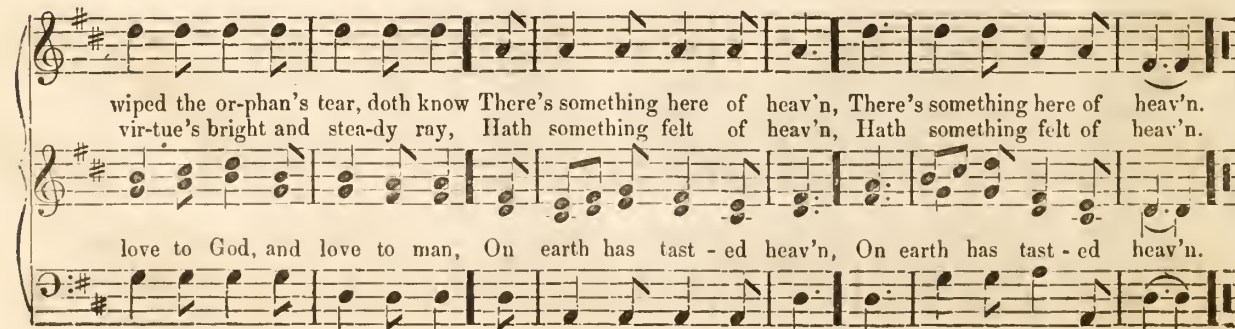
1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
 2. Lo, in the des-ert rich flow-ers are springing, Streams ev-er cop-i-ous are flow-ing, a-long.
 3. See from all lands, and from isles of the o-cean, Praise to Je-ho-vah as-cend-ing on high;

Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourning, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
 Loud from the mountain-top eeh-oes are ring-ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure, and min-gle in song.
 Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-mo-tion, Shouts of sal-va-tion, are rend-ing the sky.



1. This world's not all a fleeting show, For man's il - lu - sion giv'n : He that hath sooth'd a wid-ow's wo, Or
 2. And he that walks life's thorny way, With feelings calm and ev'n ; Whose path is lit from day to day By

3. He who the Christian's course hath run, And all his foes for - giv'n, Who measures out life's lit - tle span, In



wiped the or-phan's tear, doth know There's something here of heav'n, There's something here of heav'n.
 vir-tue's bright and stea-dy ray, Hath something felt of heav'n, Hath something felt of heav'n.

love to God, and love to man, On earth has tast - ed heav'n, On earth has tast - ed heav'n.

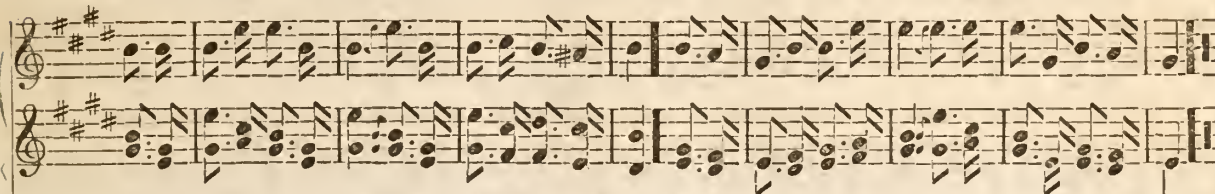
THE ANGEL'S WELCOME.

7s, 6 lines.

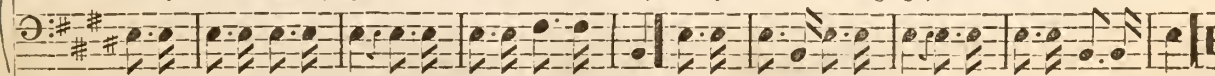
L. MASON, By permission 17



1. Hark! the songs of angels swell, Deep'ning thro' the radiant home, Where the blest immortals dwell, Where the throngs of seraphs roam.
2. Voices fill'd with sweetest love, Thrill the azure deep of heav'n; Gentle breathings far above, Down to weary earthlings giv'n.



Sweetly, gently rolls the song By myriad spirits borne a-long, Sweetly, gently rolls the song By myriad spirits borne along.
Calmly hush the heaving sigh, Show how blest the boon to die, Calmly hush the heaving sigh, Show how blest the boon to die.



- 3 Softly now those voices breathe,
Echoing through the fainting heart,
Smiles of hope and joy they wreath,
Bliss celestial they impart;—
Gladness reigns where woe is flown—
Glory breaks where starlight shone.
- 4 "Come thou hither, wearied one,
Breathe the smiling angels now,
"Cheer thee 'neath the glowing sun,
Bathe in light thy weary brow.
Sing! for joy is born from gloom,
Life has risen from the tomb."

- 5 "Welcome, welcome, child of earth,"
Chants the singing angel-band,
"Death is proved a glorious birth,
Leading to the spirit land.
Time's dark waves are felt no more,
Reach not the immortal shore."
- 6 Beauties soft and blending greet
The vision of the raptured soul;
Light, where friends celestial meet,
Fills and cheers the perfect whole
Rest from care and sorrow free,
Breathes the soul's deep harmony

ARNON. 7, 6s & 8; or S. M., (by tying two first notes.)

1. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth, Thy spirit long'd to be.
 2. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest; Thine is an ear-ly tomb; But Jesus summon'd thee a-way; Thy Saviour call'd thee home.
 3. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o'er; And sorrow, pain, and suffering now Shall ne'er distress thee more.
 4. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest; Thy sins are all for-giv'n; And saints in light, have welcom'd thee To share the joys of heav'n.
 5. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest; And this shall be our pray'r; That when we reach our journey's end, Thy glo-ry may we share.

ASSEMBLED AT THE CLOSING HOUR.

Moderato.

1. As - sembled at the closing hour, When we awhile must part, A song of praise to God we pour, With mel-o-dy of heart.
 2. 'Tis by his goodness we are led With-in these favor'd walls; And eve-ry footstep here we tread, Thy goodness still re-calls.

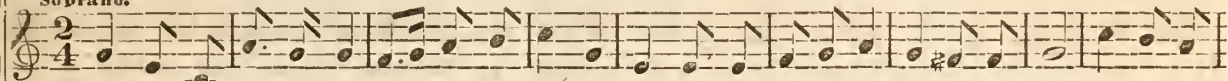
Alto.



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er you languish, Come at the shrine of God, fer - vently kneel, Here bring your

2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the straying, Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the

Soprano.



3. Here see the bread, of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above; Come to the

Base.



wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not cure.

Com - fort - er, in God's name say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not cure.



feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heaven can re - move.



1. When to yon bright ee - les - tial spheres My spir - it soars to view its home, How sweet - ly then shall

2. Ea - ger this mourn - ful scene to leave, Yet tran - quil as the moon - lit bower, And smil - ing as the

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat) and 3/2 time. The middle and bottom staves form a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in G major and the bottom staff in C major (two flats). The music is divided into two systems, each corresponding to a verse of the hymn. The first system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

3
O that 't would haste and waft me there,
Where worlds shall roll beneath my feet;
Where palms immortal flourish fair,
And friends on earth beloved shall meet!

4
The woes of earth are chains that cling,
Released but by the hand of death;
Its joys—the blossoms of the spring,
That fall before the zephyr's breath;

The musical score continues with three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major and 3/2 time. The middle and bottom staves form a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in G major and the bottom staff in C major. The music is divided into two systems, each corresponding to a verse of the hymn. The first system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

1. We want no flag, no flaunting rag, For Lib-er-ty to fight, We want no blaze of murderous guns, To struggle for the right. Our
 2. We love no triumphs sprung of force, They stain her brightest cause; 'Tis not in blood that Liberty Inscribe her civil laws. She

3. We want no aid of bar-ricade To show a front to wrong, We have a cit-a-del in truth More du-ra-ble and strong. Calm
 4. Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood, The ignorant may sneer, The bad deny; but we re-ly To see their triumph near. No

Unison.

spears and swords are printed words, The mind our bat-tle-plain; We've won such victo-ries before, And so we shall a - gain.
 writes them on the people's heart, In language clear and plain, True thoughts have moved the world before, And so they shall again.

words, great thoughts, unflinching faith, Have never striv'n in vain; They've won our battles many a time, And so they shall again.
 widow's groans shall load our cause, No blood of brethren slain: We've won without such aid before, And so we shall a - gain.

1. Earth is waking! day is breaking! Darkness from the hills has flown! Pale with terror, trembling Error Flies forever from her throne!

2. Up, to labor, friend and neighbor; Hope, and work with all thy might! Heav'n is near thee, God will cheer thee; He will ne'er desert the right.

3. Earth is wak-ing! day is breaking! Fellow-toiler, bend thine ear; Hear ye not the an - gels speaking Words of love, and words of cheer.

4. Hark! they whisper us of ho - ly Mansions in the courts above, Where, alike, the high and lowly Share the Father's boun-teous love.

5. Then, to labor! friend and neighbor; Though ye brave the serpent's might, Never fear thee! God is near thee! He will ne'er desert the right.

1

In the lone and silent midnight,
When the stars from darkness creep
One by one, like blessed beacons,
Sentinel our holy sleep;

2

Then I feel within my spirit
Breathings of a purer life —
Voices of an inward music
Calming all my outward strife.

SECOND HYMN.

3

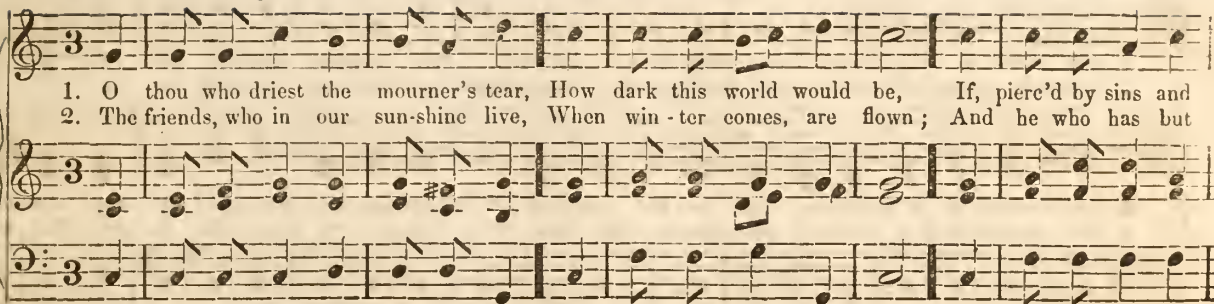
Light breaks in upon my slumber —
Light of more than earthly bliss;
Low and sweet come many whispers
Soft with heavenly joyousness.

4

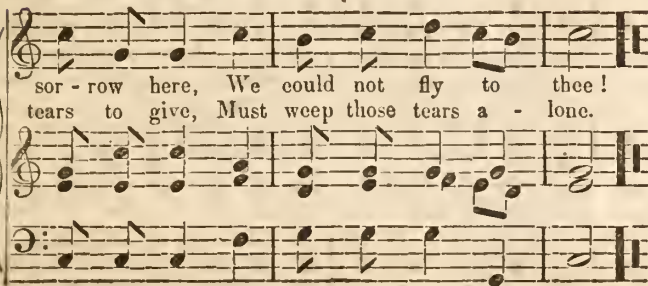
And around me, pure and saint-like
Forms, in love and wisdom bright,
Move through air with shadowy footsteps
Smiling love with eyes of light.

HOPE. C. M.

J. B. THOMAS.



1. O thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If pierc'd by sins and
2. The friends, who in our sun-shine live, When win-ter comes, are flown; And he who has but



sor-row here, We could not fly to thee!
tears to give, Must weep those tears a-lone.

3
Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

4
Then sorrow touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed I
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death though I stray, Since thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I

3. In the midst of af - flic-tion, my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un - meas-ured my cup run-neth
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol-low my steps, till I meet thee a -

rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed
 fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com-fort-er near.

o'er; With oil and per-fume thou a - noint-est my head; O, what shall I ask of thy pro-vi-dence more?
 bove; I seek, by the path which my fore-fa-thers trod Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy kingdom of love.

1. The seraphs bright are hovering A-round the throne a - bove, Their harps are ev - er tun - ing To thrilling tones of love.
 2. From earth is dai - ly ris - ing A rich, har-monious song; From sun - ny perfumed flow - ers By breezes borne a-long,—

3. So Nature's voice is chanting A full, har-monious song, When morn-ing light is break - ing Or evening sweeps along.

Or thro' the a - zure soar-ing, Or poised on snow-y wing, With glow-ing hearts a - dor - ing, Sweet cho-ral notes they sing.
 From hills in sunlight glittering, From smooth, deep emerald seas, A cloud of praise is ris - ing, Like incense on the breeze.

And have our hearts no offering, Or voice of love to raise? O let the inward whispering Gush forth in earnest praise.

1. Far from these scenes of night Unbounded glories rise, unbounded glories rise, And realms of in-finite delight Unseen by
 2. No strife or en - vy there The sons of peace molest, the sons of peace molest; But harmony and love sincere Fill every

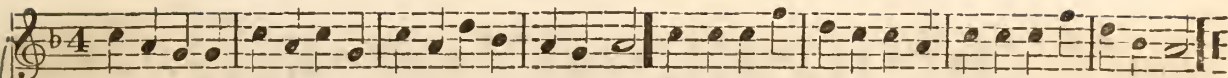
3. O may this prospect fire Our hearts with ardent love, And on the wing of strong desire Bear every
 Our hearts with ardent love,

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It features three staves. The top staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The middle staff provides harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in three numbered lines corresponding to the staves.

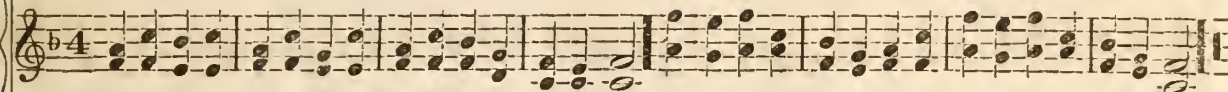
mortal eyes. There sickness never comes; There grief no more complains; Health triumphs in immortal bloom, And purest pleasure reigns.
 happy breast. No clouds those regions know, Forever bright and fair; For hate, the source of human woe, Can never enter there.

thought above. There sickness never comes, There grief no more complains; Health triumphs in immortal bloom, And purest pleasure reigns.

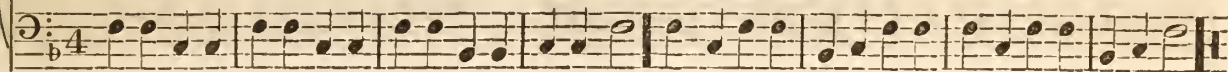
The second system of the musical score continues the composition in the same 3/4 time and key signature. It also consists of three staves with vocal melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in three numbered lines corresponding to the staves.



1. Fairest blossom, thou art fading Gently from thy native bough; As we gaze, Death's wondrous shading Pencils soft thy sculptured brow.



2. O, what raptured vision meeteth Thy illumined spirit's eye; Thee thy guardian angel greet-eth, Radiant forms are hovering nigh.



3

Eye-lids fringed with silken lashes
Joyously have open sprung;
As to reach the vision lovely,
Beauteous arms are upward flung

4

"Mother," from those sweet lips breaking
In affection's softest tone;
Echoes in our hearts are waking
Its subduing power to own.

Dim. Ritard.

1. When the evening star is stealing Slow-ly from the a-zure sky; And each lowly lit-tle flow-ret Sof-ly shoots its dewy eye:
 2. When each little bird is sleeping Sweetly in its downy nest; And no sound the silence breaking, E'er intrudes to mar its rest:

3. When the dew is soft-ly falling On each leaf and folded flower; And there seems a holy quiet In the stilly twilight hour:
 4. Then it is, that friends departed Leave their happy homes above; Then it is they're sent to cheer us, Whisp'ring kindly words of love.

SECOND HYMN.

1
 Angel-mother, long I listened,
 Listened with attentive ear,
 And my eyes with tear-drops glistened
 When I knew that thou wast near;

2
 Thou, my guardian-spirit ever,
 Ever through this lower sphere,
 Till the hand of death shall sever
 Every tie that binds me here.

3
 Angel-mother, life is dearer,
 Dearer since my doubts are flown,
 And the lamp of life burns clearer
 When the way of truth is known.

4
 Joys serene are stealing o'er me,
 O'er me joys before unknown;
 Lights celestial beam before me,
 Flowers are on my pathway strewn

Slow and connected.

1. Come, for the crest-ed bil - low Sleeps on its az - ure pil - low, And the soft veil of eve lies mirrored there.
 2. Come, for the night shades weep-ing, Their sil-ent watch are keep - ing, And in the gem bound arch the moon smiles fair;

3. Come, for the morn is break-ing, And the green earth is wak - ing, And the bright flowers their robes of bean-ty wear!

Come with thy heart's de - vo - tion, Calm eve-ry wild com - mo - tion, And with re - tir - ing day bend thee in prayer.
 Come with each hallowed feel - ing, Each deep and pure re - veal - ing, And at the shrine of truth bend thee in prayer.

Come with thy glad thanks - giv - ing, And to the ev - er - liv - ing Pour out thy soul in humble, grate - ful prayer.

1. An - gel fa - ther, oh! be near me, On my jour - ney to the tomb! { An - gel mother, see me
Let thy bless - ed pres - ence cheer me In the hours of pain and gloom. }

Thou canst calm the brow of an - guish, Thou canst soothe the heart of care!

D. C.

2

lan - guish, Al - most rea - dy to des - pair!

Angel sisters, oh! how lovely
As in shining robes ye stand!
Haste away, ye lingering moments,
Let me join the blessed band!
This conviction, how consoling!
That though loud the breakers roar
Every wave of time in rolling,
Bears me nearer to the shore.

1. Soft be the gently breathing notes, That sings 'our Father's sav-ing love ; Soft as the evening zephyr

2. Soft as the morning dews descend, While warbling birds ex-ult - ing soar, So soft to our al - mighty

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The middle and bottom staves are part of a grand staff, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both sharing the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, flowing style with eighth and sixteenth notes.

floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.

Friend Be eve - ry sigh our bo - soms pour,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

3
Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy a-broad
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its maker God.

4
Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our devotion be ;
And purely let our songs arise
To him who sets our spirits free.

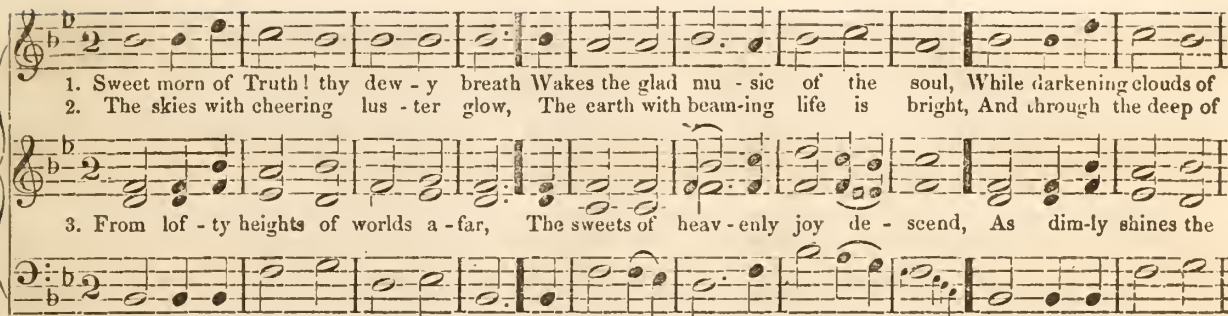
SPIRIT VISITS. C. M.

1- When in the bu-sy haunts of men, The meek immor-tals tread, The fragrance from the Spirit Land Up - on our souls they

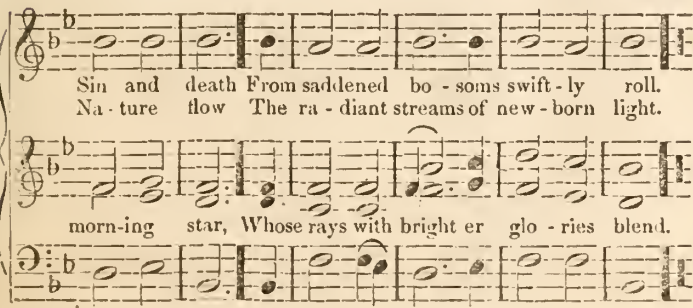
2. And when, 'mid earthly toils they meet The loved ones of their care, They pluck a thorn from every breast, And plant a blossom

shed. For not like flowers of earthly mould, The flowers of Heaven are found, In angel hearts, where holy loves In deathless bloom abound.

there. Then be it ours, through gentle deeds Of pure and perfect love, To sow in human hearts the seeds Of flowers that bloom a - bove.



1. Sweet morn of Truth! thy dew - y breath Wakes the glad mu - sic of the soul, While darkening clouds of
 2. The skies with cheering lus - ter glow, The earth with beam-ing life is bright, And through the deep of
 3. From lof - ty heights of worlds a - far, The sweets of heav - enly joy de - scend, As dim-ly shines the



Sin and death From saddened bo - soms swift - ly roll.
 Na - ture flow The ra - dant streams of new - born light.
 morn-ing star, Whose rays with bright er glo - ries blend.

4
 The dismal night has passed away,
 And sunlight gleams upon its breast,
 While calmly dawns the rising day,
 To crown the wearied sleeper's rest

5
 Arise, and sing the morning song,
 Ye dwellers of the night-clad earth
 Let soul with soul be borne along
 On breezes of celestial birth.

1. Light from the Spir - it World appears, The day begins to dawn! Glad spirits bid us dry our tears, And hail the glorious morn.
 2. The earth so dark be - fore, grows bright; The pris'ners cease to sigh, Before the splendor of the light, Error and crime shall die.

3. Dost hear the song of Angels? hark! Thy Spirit friends are near, Come, plume thy wings like yonder lark, And bid adieu to fear.
 4. Heaven is in sight, earth shouts for joy; Bright Spirits whisper near, "Let sweetest praise all hearts unite, We come to greet you here.

5. " We come, commissioned from above To show your future home—Al-lure to our sweet heav'n of love; Earth's jubilee has come.

1

All beauteous is our Spirit Home,
 All radiant and bright;
 Here sorrow's tears are all unknown,
 And griefs come not to blight.

2

All peaceful is our Spirit Home,
 All free from strife and care;
 No discord sounds are ever known,
 In this our home so fair.

SECOND HYMN.

3

All lovely is our Spirit Home,
 For love here hath its sway;
 And sweetest flowers ever bloom
 Along our sacred way.

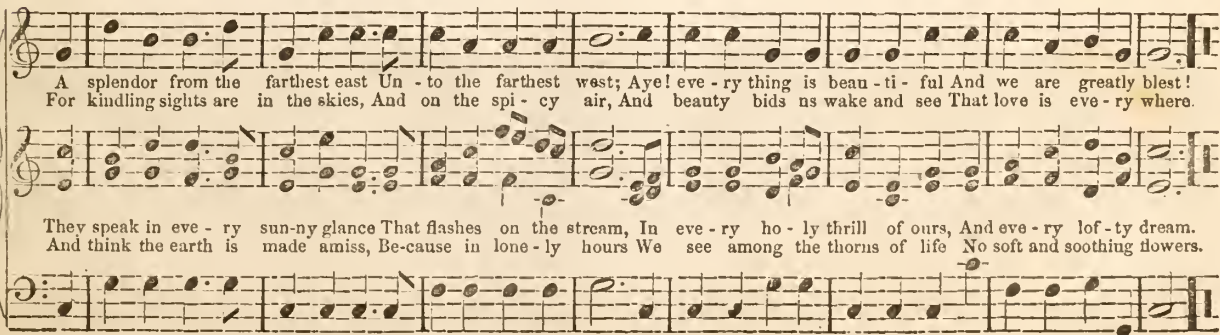
4

All heavenly is our Spirit Home,
 For here we all are blest;
 And hearts that once were sad and lone,
 Now bask in endless rest.



1. The world has much of beau - ti - ful, If man would on - ly see; A glo - ry in the beam - ing stars, The low - est budding tree;
 2. 'Tis on - ly that our eyes are dim And clouded, that we go So sor - row - ful, and lone - ly like, A - long our path be - low;

3. There is a host of an - gels, who With eve - ry moment throng, If we would on - ly list awhile The cadence of their song;
 4. We know not half the good that lies Around our pathway here; We smother blessing with a sigh, Or drown it with a tear,



A splendor from the farthest east Un - to the farthest west; Ay! eve - ry thing is beau - ti - ful And we are greatly blest!
 For kindling sights are in the skies, And on the spi - cy air, And beauty bids us wake and see That love is eve - ry where.

They speak in eve - ry sun - ny glance That flashes on the stream, In eve - ry ho - ly thrill of ours, And eve - ry lof - ty dream.
 And think the earth is made amiss, Be - cause in lone - ly hours We see among the thorns of life No soft and soothing flowers.



1. Be - yond the measured space Of these revolving skies, The fu - ture home of all our race, A glorious region lies. Sweet

2. Theirs is a fixed em - ploy, They vis - it man be - low, And find their sweetest, purest joy In soothing human woe. To



are the ties that bind Its an - gel hosts in one; With per - fect heart and loving mind, life's bright'ning race they run.

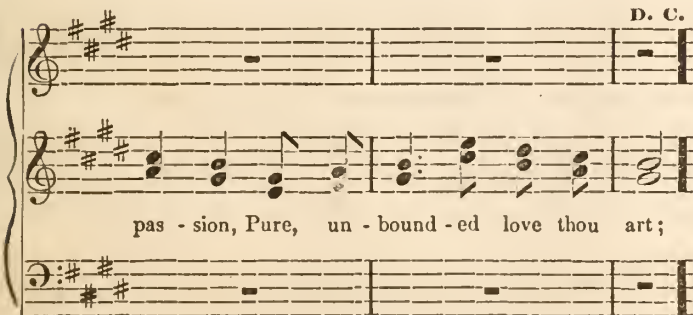
eve - ry child of light A soul in charge is given, To lead in wisdom's path of light, And guide it safe to heaven.

Fine.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! }
 Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. } Fa-ther, thou art all com-
 Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter eve-ry long-ing heart.

D. C.



pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;

2

Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive,
 Graciously come down, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.

1. How cheer - ing the thought, that the spir - its in bliss; Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;

2. They come—on the wings of the morning, they come, De - si - rous to lead some poor wan - der - er home,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff with two treble clefs and a bass clef, also with a key signature of three sharps and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many whole and half notes.

Will leave the sweet joys of the man - sions a - bove, To breathe o'er our bo - soms some mes - sage of love.

Some pil - grim to snatch from this storm - y a - bode, And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are split across the staves, with the top staff containing the first line of the second line of text, and the middle and bottom staves containing the second line of the second line of text.

Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men,

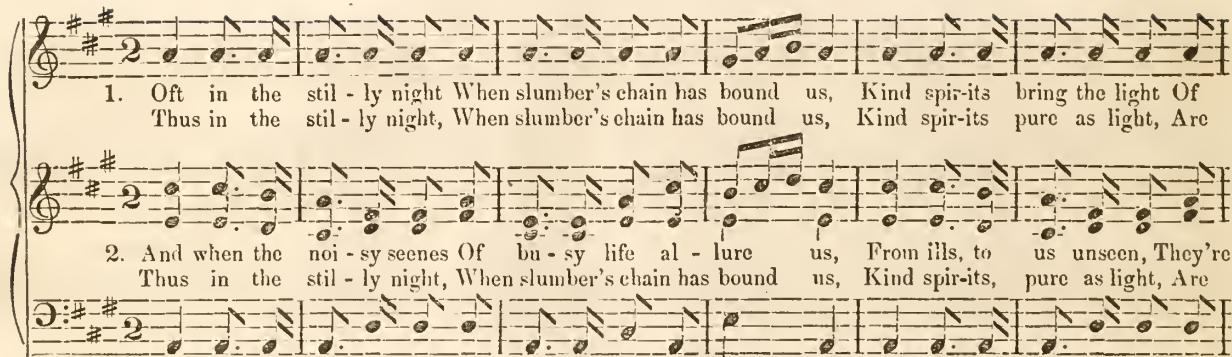
Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men.

Hal-le - lu-jah,

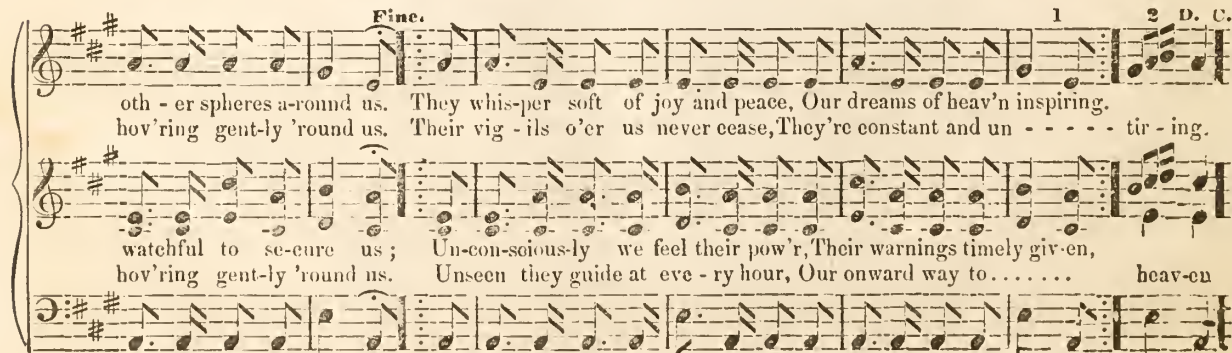
SECOND HYMN.

- 1 What seraph-like music falls sweet on my ear,
In strains so delightful? Oh! list that ye hear—
Those rich flowing numbers, so liquid and clear,
Breathe rapture untold, from some heavenly sphere.
- 2 'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the wave
Of Jordan's lone stream as its billows I brave;
'Tis the music of angels who hasten to bear
My soul o'er the waters to that blessed shore.
- 3 A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight,
I sink in sweet visions of heaven's dawning light,
Bright spirits are whispering so soft in my ear
Of heaven, sweet heaven! I long to be **there**.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.



1. Oft in the stil - ly night When slumber's chain has bound us, Kind spir-its bring the light Of
Thus in the stil - ly night, When slumber's chain has bound us, Kind spir-its pure as light, Are



Fine.

oth - er spheres a-round us. They whis-per soft of joy and peace, Our dreams of heav'n inspiring.
hov'ring gent-ly 'round us. Their vig - ils o'er us never cease, They're constant and un - - - - - tir - ing.

watchful to se-cure us; Un-con-sci-ous-ly we feel their pow'r, Their warnings timely giv-en,
hov'ring gent-ly 'round us. Unseen they guide at eve - ry hour, Our onward way to heav-en

1 2 D. C.

Gently.

1. How sweet is the bondage so tender, Which binds us to each of our kind ; When wearing the chains of affection No hardship or
2. This fetter binds all in its circle, The pious, the gentle, the brave ; It is worn from the dawning of childhood ; But stops not to

3. It draws us to realms of the blessed, Where loved and departed ones meet ; Unites in eternal communion, In harmony

slavery we find, When wear-ing the chains of af - fec - tion, No hard-ship or slavery we find.
rest in the grave It is worn from the dawning of childhood ; But stops not to rest in the grave.

Ritard.

perfect and sweet, It u-nites in e - ter - nal com - mu - nion ; In har - mo - ny per - fect and sweet.

I'M BUT A PILGRIM HERE.

1. I'm but a pil-grim here, Far from my home I would not tar - ry long From that blest dome.
 2. Earth has no charms for me, Sor-did and cold ; See all its proffered love Bar-tered for gold,—
 3. To that ce - les - tial home Sor-row nor woe, Sin, sick-ness, pain and death, Nev-er can go.

The first system of the musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three staves: a vocal staff in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The vocal line features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

There a kind Fa-ther stands, Smil-ing in love, Robed in light, glorious bright, Far, far a - bove.
 Fad - ing and fleet-ing too, Pass - ing a - way ; Hard the joys that employ Life's transient day.
 No ear hath ev - er heard Nor eye hath seen, In what rest dwell the blest, Calm and se - rene.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It follows the same instrumental arrangement as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe the vision of a heavenly father and the transient nature of earthly joys. The musical notation continues with similar rhythmic patterns and harmonic structures, concluding the piece with a final cadence.

SPIRITS BRIGHT ARE EVER NIGH.

43

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 2/4. The Soprano part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The Alto part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The Bass part begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes a 'Fine.' marking and a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction at the end of the first line. The lyrics are: '1. Spir-its bright are e - ver nigh, Fill-ing earth, and air, and sky, } Weep no more, ye sons of earth, { Bringing truth, and joy, and love, From the fount of God a - bove. } For the wrongs of mor - tal birth ; } They shall flee like morn-ing dew, Love shall eve-ry ill sub - due.'

3

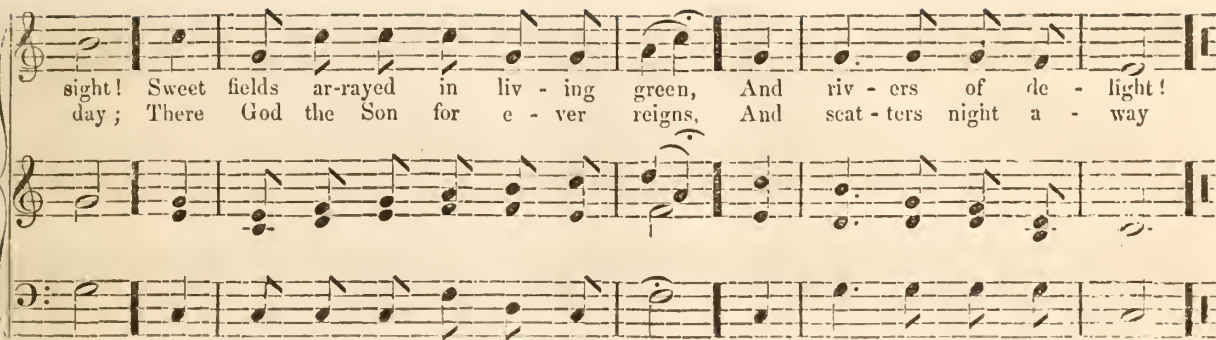
Up, and toil, ye chosen sons,
For earth's poor and sinning ones,
Bring them back through faith and love,
To the hope of joys above.

4

Rest not, sleep not, by the way,
Pause not till that happy day,
Dawns upon thy gladdened eyes,
With the radiance of the skies

1. On Jordan's stor-my banks I stand, And east a wish - ful eye, To Canaan's fair and hap-py
 3. There gen'rous fruits that ne - ver fail, On trees im - mor - tal grow : There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and

land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie. 2. O the trans-port-ing, rapt'rous scene, That ris - es to my
 vale, With milk and hon-ey flow. 4. All o'er those wide ex-tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal



5

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

6

When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?

7

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay!
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

8

There on those high and flowery plains
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
 But in perpetual joyful strains
 Redeeming love admire.

EDEN OF LOVE.

J. J. HICKS.

1. How sweet to re - flect on those joys that a - wait me, In yon bliss - ful re - gion, the

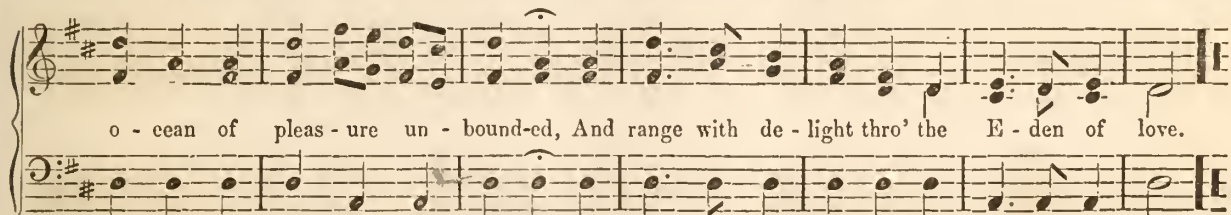
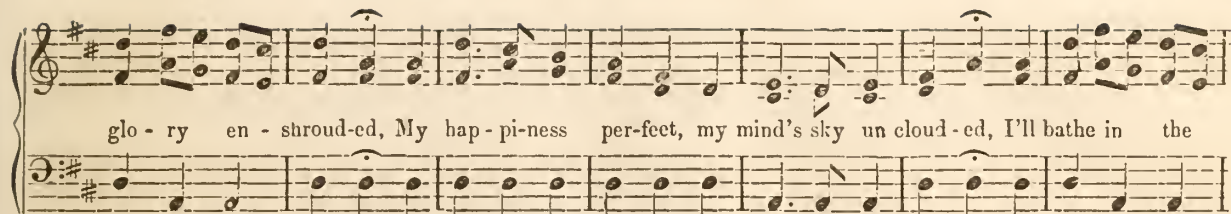
The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

ha - ven of rest, Where glo - ri - fied spir - its with wel - come shall greet me, And

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

lead me to man - sions pre - pared for the blest ; En - cir - cled in light, And with

The third system of music concludes the piece. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



2

While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise ;
 Then songs to our God shall re-echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Jehovah be given -
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love

3

Then hail blessed state ! hail ye songsters of glory,
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above !
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 " Salvation from sorrow, through Angelic love."
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation .
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love !

1. Love nev-er sleeps ! the mother's eye Bends o'er her dy-ing in-fant's bed ; And as he marks the moments
 2. Yet e'en that sad and fra-gile form For-gets the tu-mult of her breast ; Despite the horrors of the

Duet.

3. Oh ! God of love ! our eyes to thee, Tired of the world's false radiance, turn ! And as we view thy pu-ri -

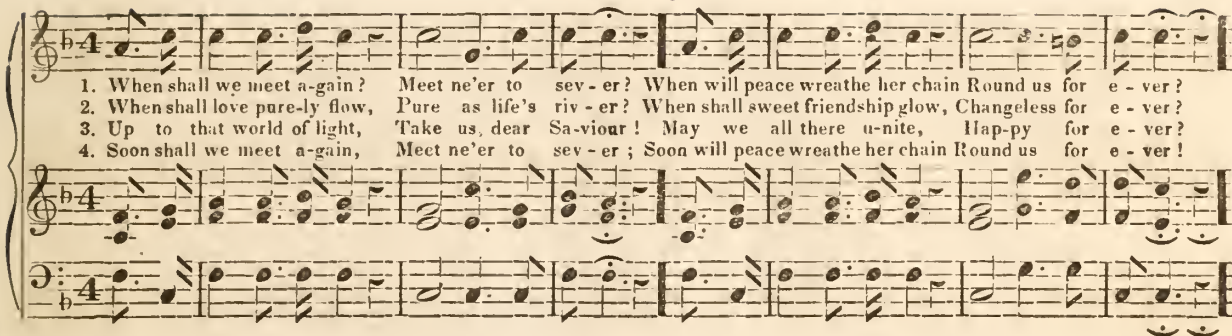
fly, While death creeps on with noiseless tread, Faint and dis-tress'd, she sits and weeps. With beating heart ! love never sleeps.
 storm, O'erburden'd nature sinks to rest ; But o'er them both a-noth-er keeps His midnight watch, love never sleeps.

- ty We feel our hearts with-in us burn ; Convin-c'd, that in the low-est deeps Of hu-man ill ! love never sleeps.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

J. B. PACKARD.

49



1. When shall we meet a-gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for e - ver?
 2. When shall love pure-ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless for e - ver?
 3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa-viour! May we all there u-nite, Hap-py for e - ver?
 4. Soon shall we meet a-gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon will peace wreathe her chain Round us for e - ver!



Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that hnows In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev-er!
 Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Nev-er, no, nev-er!
 Where kindred spir - its dwell, There may our mu-sic swell And time our joys dis-pel—Nev-er, no, nev-er!
 Our hearts will then re - pose, Se - cure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close, Nev-er, no, nev-er!

1. Be-neath the smiles and tears of Spring The flowers in beau - ty start; And love's in - spir - ing voice shall
 2. The heart that strives in pa-tient love To break the cap - tive's chain, Is fed by mer - cy from a -
 3. To lift the low - ly from des - pair The an-gels hast - en down, And they love's ho - ly cross who

1. My con - science is my crown; Con - tent - ed thoughts, my rest. My heart is hap - py in it -
 2. È - nough I reck-on wealth; That mean, the sweetest lot, That lies too high for base con -
 3. My wish - es are but few; All ea - sy to ful - fill; I make the lim - its of my
 4. I have no care for gold; Well do - ing is my wealth; My mind to me an em - pire

bring An E-den to the heart, And love's in - spir-ing voice shall bring An Eden to the heart, An E - den to the heart.
 bove, And nev - er bleeds in vain, Is fed in mer - cy from a - bove And never bleeds in vain, And never bleeds in vain.
 bear Shall win the an - gel's crown. And they who bear love's ho - ly cross Shall win the angel's crown, Shall win the angel's crown.

self; My bliss is in my breast, My heart is happy in it - self; My bliss is in my breast, My bliss is in my breast.
 tempt. Too low for en - vy's shot That lies too high for base con-tempt, Too low for envy's shot, Too low for envy's shot.
 power The bounds un-to my will, I make the lim-its of my power The bounds unto my will, The bounds unto my will.
 is, While grace affordeth health. My mind to me an em-pire is While grace affordeth health, While grace affordeth health.

1. When up to mighty skies you gaze, Where stars pursue their endless ways, You think you see from earth's low clod, The wide and shining home of God.
 2. But could you rise to moon or sun, Or path where planets daily run, Still heaven is spread above you far, While earth remote would seem a star.

3. 'Tis vain to dream these tracts of space, With all their worlds attract his face, One glo-ry fills each rolling ball, One love attracts and moves them all.
 4 Your earth, with all its dust and fears, Is no less his than yonder spheres; The rain-drops weak, and grains of sand, Are stamped by his immortal hand.

1

SECOND HYMN.

3

Radiant Sun of Truth divine,
 Thy rays through boundless nature shine;
 And from the earth in glory rise
 To meet the brightness of the skies.

Be darkness known on earth no more,
 But truth dispensed from shore to shore,
 Till men of every land shall see
 Its glorious brightness, and be free,

2

Wide let thy glory be displayed,
 In one bright day, without a shade,
 And thus may we supremely prove,
 The nameless, endless joys of love.

4

'Tis done—the Sun of truth appears,
 The shades withdraw, the morning clears;
 Its rays flow over land and main,
 And one eternal day shall reign.

Con spirito.

1. Bright Star of Hope, thy rise we hail; Our hearts drink in thy glad'ning beams, While in this lone and dreary vale, We seek thy bright unfading dreams.
 2. Hail Star of Hope! our hearts adore Thy light which shines on life's dark wave, Like the bright guide on ocean's shore, The storm-spent mariner to save.

3. Sweet Star of Hope, we follow thee; Herald di-vine, we catch thy voice: Thy notes proclaim Earth's jubilee, And bid a ransomed world re-joice.
 4. Hail Star of Hope! man's certain guide To truth and life, by Mercy given; Spread wide thy rays, till man-kind Receive this rich-est boon of Heaven.

1

SECOND HYMN.

3

There is a pure, a peaceful wave,
 That rolls around the home of love;
 Whose waters gladden as they lave,
 The bright and heavenly shores above.

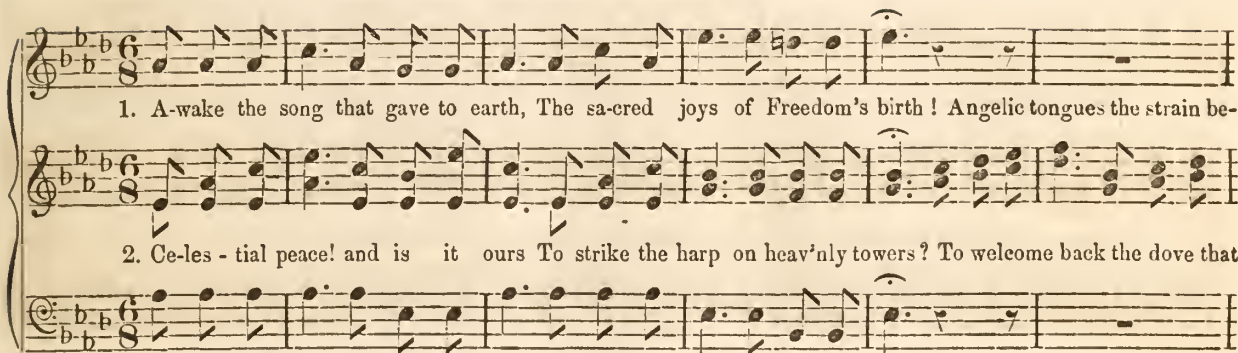
The pilgrim faint and near to sink,
 Beneath his load of earthly woe,
 Refreshed beneath its verdant brink,
 Rejoices in its gentle flow.

2

While streams that on that tide depend,
 Steal from those heavenly shores away,
 And on this desert world descend,
 Over our barren land to stray.

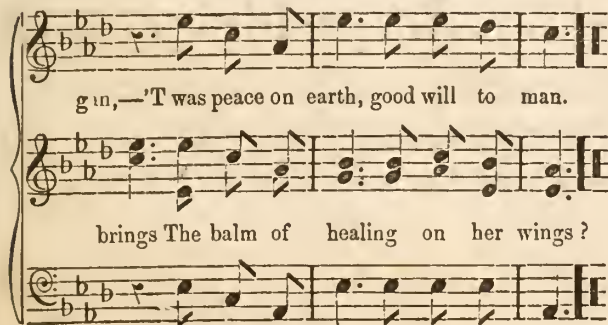
4

There, O my soul do thou repose,
 Fast by that ever hallowed spring;
 Drink from its crystal wave which flows
 To heal thy wounded, weary wing.



1. A-wake the song that gave to earth, The sa-cred joys of Freedom's birth ! Angelic tongues the strain be-

2. Ce-les - tial peace! and is it ours To strike the harp on heav'nly towers ? To welcome back the dove that



gin,—'T was peace on earth, good will to man.

brings The balm of healing on her wings ?

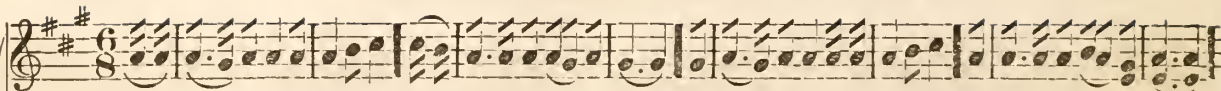
3

She comes ! and, lo the orphan's wail
No longer loads the passing gale ;
Contentment sheds her sacred balm,
And Nature owns the sovereign charm.

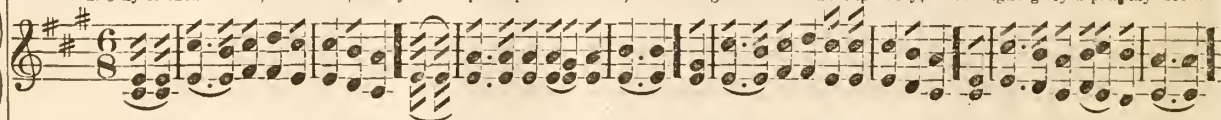
4

She comes ! and banner, spear, and plume,
That led to conquest and the tomb,
Wreathed with the olive, now adorn
The triumph of bright Freedom's morn.

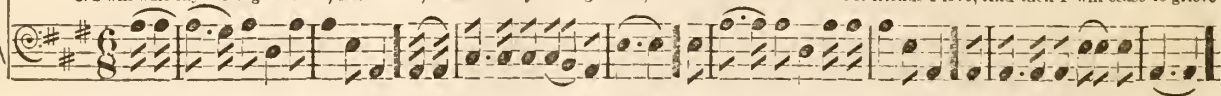
O FLY TO THEIR BOWERS. 10s & 8.



1. Fly away to the promised land, sweet Dove, Fly away to the promised land, And bear these sighs to the friends I love—The happy, the beautiful band
2. O fly to their bowers, sweet Dove, and say That hope is upon me now; I long to list to a seraph's lay, With bright glory u-pon my brow.



3. I will wait thy coming at dawn, sweet Dove, I will wait thy coming at eve, But bear some news from the friends I love, And then I will cease to grieve

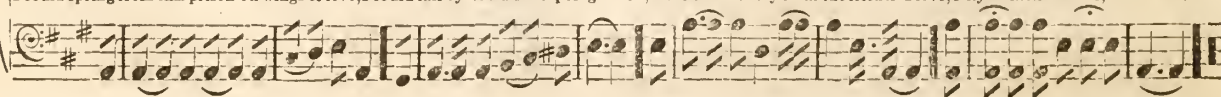


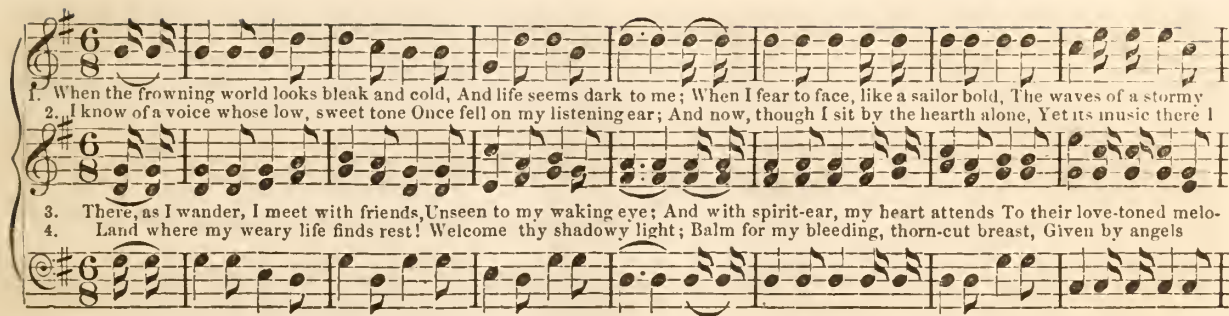
Ritard. Ad lib.

Deep gloom hath saddened my weary breast—With sorrow my heart it stirred—I long to hear from the land of the blest—O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!
I feel that this world is not my home—An Angel's sweet voice I've heard! It comes from beyond the dark, lone tomb, O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!

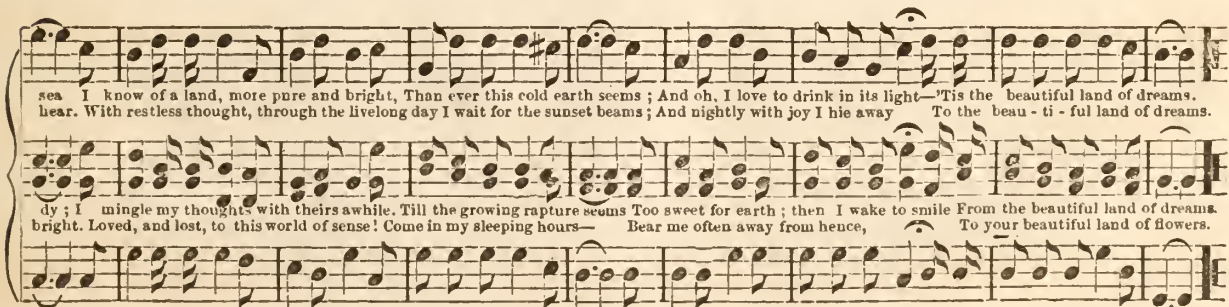


I could spring from this prison on wings of love, I could fall by death's conq'ring sword, But I cannot stay from the friends I love, O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!

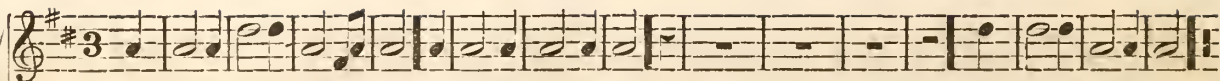




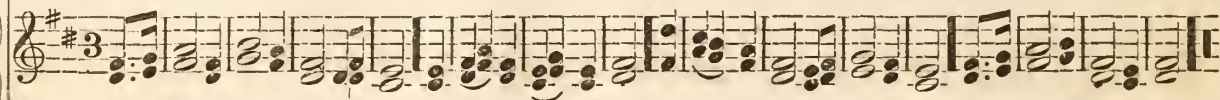
1. When the frowning world looks bleak and cold, And life seems dark to me; When I fear to face, like a sailor bold, The waves of a stormy
 2. I know of a voice whose low, sweet tone Once fell on my listening ear; And now, though I sit by the hearth alone, Yet its music there I
 3. There, as I wander, I meet with friends, Unseen to my waking eye; And with spirit-ear, my heart attends To their love-toned melo-
 4. Land where my weary life finds rest! Welcome thy shadowy light; Balm for my bleeding, thorn-cut breast, Given by angels



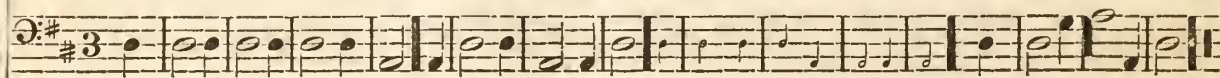
5. I know of a land, more pure and bright, Than ever this cold earth seems; And oh, I love to drink in its light—'Tis the beautiful land of dreams.
 6. hear. With restless thought, through the livelong day I wait for the sunset beams; And nightly with joy I hie away To the beau - ti - ful land of dreams.
 7. dy; I mingle my thoughts with theirs awhile. Till the growing rapture seems Too sweet for earth; then I wake to smile From the beautiful land of dreams.
 8. bright. Loved, and lost, to this world of sense! Come in my sleeping hours— Bear me often away from hence, To your beautiful land of flowers.



1. Let deepest silence all around Its peaceful shelter spread ; So shall the living word abound, The word that wakes the dead.



2. How sweet to wait upon the Lord In stillness and in pray'r ! What tho' no preacher speak the word, A minister is there.



3

He knows to bend the heart of steel,
He bows the loftiest soul ;
O'er all we think and all we feel,
How matchless his control !

4

And, O, how precious is his love,
In tender mercy given ;
It whispers of the blest above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

5

From mind to mind, in streams of joy,
The holy influence spreads ;
'Tis peace, 'tis praise without alloy,
For God that influence sheds,

6

To thee, O God, we still will pray,
And praise thee as before,
For this thy glorious gospel-day,
Teach us to praise thee more

1. There is a region lovelier far Than sages know or poets sing; Brighter than Summer's beauties are, And softer than the tints of Spring.

2. There is a world with blessings blest, Beyond what prophets e'er foretold; Nor might the tongue of angel guest A picture of that world [unfold.

3

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose,
Nor darkness dims the radiant scene,
Nor sorrow's tear within it flows.

4

It is not fanned by summer's gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeams pale,
Nor there are known the evening hours.

5

No! no! this world is ever bright
With every radiance all its own,
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round from th' eternal throne.

6

In vain, the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky;
It is the dwelling-place of God.

1. I saw an angel in my dreams, An angel on its golden wings, Shedding around more gorgeous beams Than gild the heart's imaginings.

2. No word escaped it, but it smiled, And oh, so heavenly was the smile, I wished I were an angel child, And felt an angel's love the while

3. But this I knew could not be now, Yet tho't if such an one might be My guardian, I might calmly bow To trials here, above be free.

4

And then I raised a prayer to heaven,
That such a guardian mine might be,
To watch o'er me while life is given,
And keep from snares my spirit free.

5

Then came, where'er I chanced to be,
The angel of the golden wing,
From evil e'er restraining me,
To good my heart encouraging.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled; And may this

The first system of the musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics "1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled; And may this". The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and features chords and moving lines in both hands.

con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. 2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed;

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a measure rest followed by the lyrics "con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. 2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed;". The piano accompaniment includes triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a bracket) in both the treble and bass staves. The system concludes with a double bar line.

To thee my thoughts would soar ; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer I a - dore.

3.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart shall rest on thee.

1. Sweet is the pray'r whose holy stream In earnest pleading flows! De-votion dwells upon the theme, And warm and warmer glows
 2. Faith grasps the blessing she desires; Hope points the upward gaze; And Love, celestial Love, inspires The eloquence of praise.

3. But sweeter far the still, small voice, Unheard by human ear, When God has made the heart rejoice, And dried the bitter tear.
 4. No accents flow, no words ascend; All utterance faileth there; But Christian spirits comprehend, And God accepts the prayer.

SECOND HYMN.

1
 There is a hope, a blessed hope,
 More precious and more bright,
 Than all the joyless mockery
 The world esteems delight.

2
 There is a star, a lovely star,
 That lights the darkest gloom,
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
 The prospects of the tomb.

3
 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
 That lifts the soul above,
 Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
 And whispers, "God is love."

4
 That voice, aloud from wisdom's height,
 Proclaims the soul forgiven;
 That star is revelation's light;
 That hope, the hope of heaven.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

1. I am thy guardian an-gel, sweet child, and I rest In my own chosen tem-ple, thy in - no-cent breast; At midnight I

2. The tho'ts of thy heart are re - cord - ed by me; There are some, which, half breath'd, half acknowledged by thee, Steal sweetly and

3. I breathe o'er thy slumbers, sweet dreams of delight, Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night. Then re-mem-ber

steal from my sa-cred re - treat, When the cords of thy heart in soft u - ni - son beat; When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tress-es
si - lent-ly o'er thy pure breast, Just ruf-fling its calmness, then murm'ring to rest: Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breath-less-ly

wherever your pathway may be, Be it clouded with sorrow or brilliant with joy, My spir - it shall watch thee where-ev-er thou

flow, In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillows of snow; O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And lis-ten to
lies, With its own mimic mountains and star spangled skies; I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping, To guard thee from

art My in cense shall rise from the throne of thy heart, Farewell! For the shadows of evening are fled, And the young rays of

music which flows from thy heart. O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And listen to mu-sic which flows from thy heart.
spir-its of sor-row and weeping, I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping, To guard thee from spirits of sor-row and weeping.

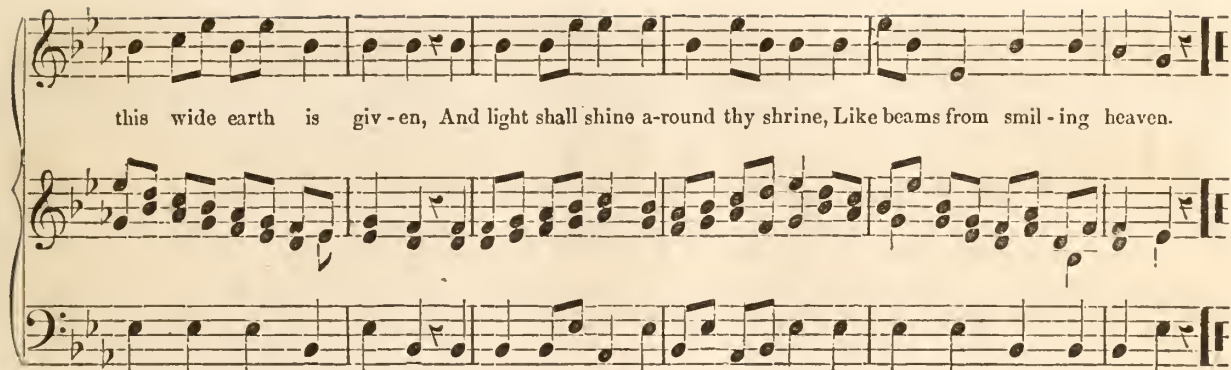
morning are wreath'd round my head. Farewell! For the shadows of ev'ning are fled, And the young rays of morning are wreath'd round my head.

1. Fair sci-ence bright, from realms of light, We yield thee hom-age ev-er; We're gathered here, a

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves form a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff using a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and the bottom staff using a bass clef. The melody begins with a quarter rest followed by a half note G, then continues with eighth and quarter notes.

band sin-cere, To ask thy smiles for-ev-er. Oh! haste the day when thy blest sway To

This musical system also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature. The melody continues from the first system, featuring a half note G followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.



2.

We've joined to raise for ardent gaze,
 The veil that hides thy glory,
 And joyous pore o'er ancient lore,
 And famed heroic story;
 We've sought to trace, through endless space,
 The path of world's bright gleaming;
 And hand in hand thy pages scanned,
 While heavenly truth is beaming.

3.

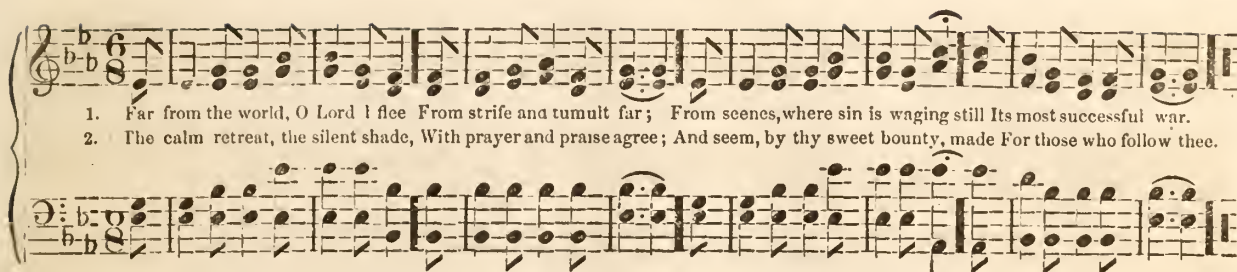
And now we'll bear thy mandates fair,
 To all who cluster round us;
 And even raise glad notes of praise
 For blessings that surround us:
 Oh! haste the day when thy blest sway
 To this wide earth is given,
 And light shall shine around thy shrine,
 Like beams from smiling heaven.

1. How shall I know thee in the sphere, which keeps The dis - em - bod-ied spir - its of the dead, When
 2. Will not thy own meek heart de - mand me there? That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given, My

3. The love that lived through all the storm - y past, And meek - ly with my harsh-er na - ture bore, And
 4. No; thou shalt teach me, in that calm - er home, The wis - dom that I learned so ill in this—The

all of thee that time could with - er, sleeps And per - ish - es a - mong the dust we tread?
 name on earth was ev - er in thy prayer, And wilt thou nev - er ut - ter it in heaven?

deep - er grew, and ten - derer to the last, Shall it ex - pire with life, and be no more?
 wis - dom which is love—'till I be - come Thy fit com - pa - nion in that land of blis -



1. Far from the world, O Lord I flee From strife and tumult far; From scenes, where sin is waging still Its most successful war.
2. The calm retreat, the silent shade, With prayer and praise agree; And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made For those who follow thee.

3

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

4

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine!

SECOND HYMN.

1

How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!—

2

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my labors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee!

2. There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know; Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you;

3. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there, Around my Saviour stand, And soon my friends in Christ below, Will join the glorious band;

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls, And pearly gates behold? Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel at death, dismay? I've Canaan's heavenly land in view, And realms of endless day

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

1. We come at morn and dewy eve, At radiant noon, and mid-night hour, To breathe our messages, or leave

2. Think not our home is far a - way From human sym - pa - thy and love, Nor when desired, would we delay

The first system of the musical score is for two voices and piano accompaniment. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff and the second line under the middle staff. The lyrics are: "1. We come at morn and dewy eve, At radiant noon, and mid-night hour, To breathe our messages, or leave" and "2. Think not our home is far a - way From human sym - pa - thy and love, Nor when desired, would we delay".

The speaking to - kens of our power.

To leave our spir - it home a - bove.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "The speaking to - kens of our power." and "To leave our spir - it home a - bove."

3
Our mission is the work of love,
To kindred in the earthly home,
And will they not our work approve,
And often kindly bid us come?

4
Thrice gladly, we the call obey,
When yearning hearts the welcome give,
Receive our love, our care repay,
In our communion joyous live.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

NAUMANN.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers given; There is a joy for souls dis-tressed, A

2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sin and sor-row driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where

balm for eve-ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heaven.

storms a-rise and o-cean rolls, And all is drear, but heaven.

3

There Faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

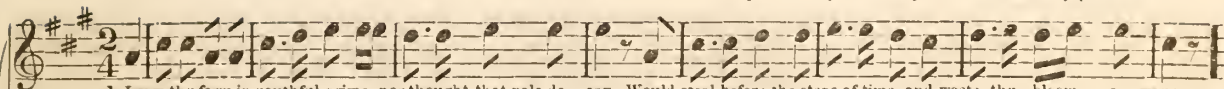
4

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom
Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

71

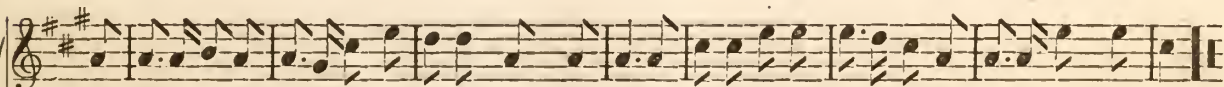
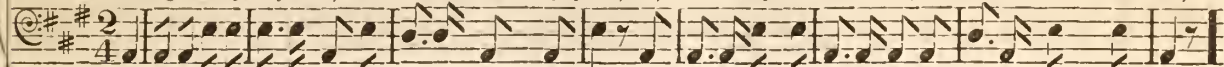
Adapted to Pleyel's Air, by J. WARREN By permission



1. I saw thy form in youthful prime, nor thought that pale de - cay Would steal before the steps of time, and waste thy bloom a - way ;
2. As streams that over golden mines in modest mur - murs glide, Nor seem to know the wealth that shines within their gen - - tle tide ;



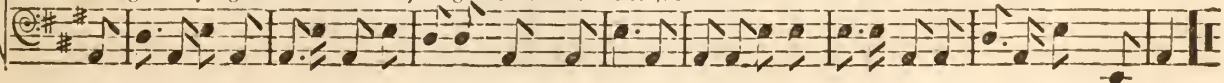
8. Could angels always stay above, thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere ; Or, could we keep the souls we love, we ne'er had lost thee here ;



Yet still thy features bore that light that flies not with the breath, And life ne'er looked more purely bright than in the smile of death.
So veil'd beneath a simple guise, thy radiant genius shone, And that which charm'd all other eyes, seem'd worthless in thine own.



Though many a gifted mind we meet, though fairest forms we see, To live with them is far less sweet than to remem - ber thee.



Moderately slow.

1. There is an hour of hal-lowed peace, For those with cares op - pressed, When

2. There is a home of sweet re - pose, Where storms as - sail no more ; The

The first system of the musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'Moderately slow.' The second and third staves are the piano accompaniment, also in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. There is an hour of hal-lowed peace, For those with cares op - pressed, When' and '2. There is a home of sweet re - pose, Where storms as - sail no more ; The'.

sighs and sor-rowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest. 'Tis

stream of end - less pleas - ure flows On that ce - les - tial shore. There


The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: 'sighs and sor-rowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest. 'Tis' and 'stream of end - less pleas - ure flows On that ce - les - tial shore. There'.

then the soul is freed from fears And doubts which here an - noy ; Then
 pu - ri - ty with love ap - pears, And bliss with - out al - loy ; There

they that oft had sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.
 they that oft had sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

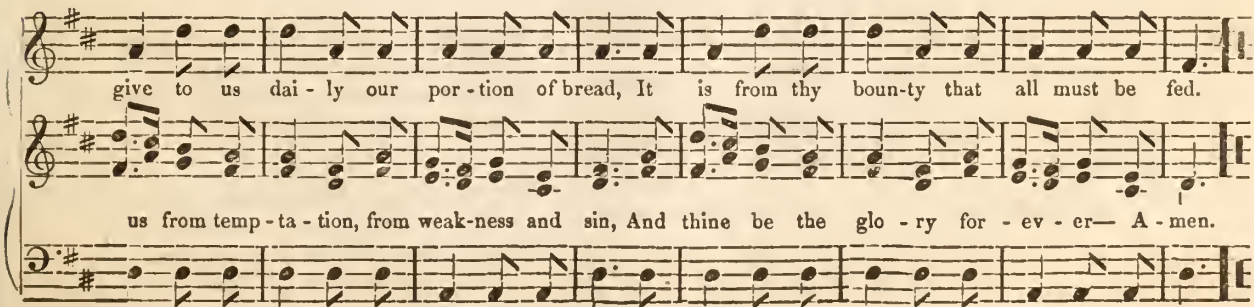
1. There's not a star whose twinkling light Il-lumes the dis-tant earth, And cheers the sol-emn
 2. There's not a cloud whose dew's dis-till Up-on the parch-ing-clod, And clothe with ver-dure
 3. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In o-cean deep, or air, Where skill and wis-dom
 4. A-round, be-neath, be-low, a-bove, Wher-ev-er space ex-tends. There Heaven dis-plays its

gloom of night, But good-ness gave it birth, But goodness gave it birth, But goodness gave it birth.
 vale and hill. That is not sent by God, That is not sent by God, That is not sent by God.
 are not found, For God is eve-ry-where, For God is eve-ry-where, For God is eve-ry-where.
 bound-less love, And power with goodness blends, And power with goodness blends, And power with goodness blends.



1. Our Fa-ther in heaven, we hal-low thy name! May thy kingdom ho-ly on earth be the same! O

2. For-give our trans-gres-sions, and teach us to know That humble com-pas-sion which pardons each foe: Keep



give to us dai-ly our por-tion of bread, It is from thy boun-ty that all must be fed.

us from temp-ta-tion, from weak-ness and sin, And thine be the glo-ry for-ev-er—A-men.

1. Fa-ther of me and all mankind, And all the hosts a - bove, Let eve - ry un - der-stand-ing mind

2. Thy kingdom come, with power and grace, To eve-ry heart of man ; Thy peace and joy and righ-teousness,

U - nite to praise thy name, U - nite to praise thy name.

In ali our bo-soms reign, In all our bo-soms reign.

3
The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin ;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.

4
The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

1. They're near us when we heed them not, The loved, the lost, the ev - er dear ; But not when we are bowed with grief,
 2. In love, in hope, in patient trust, In in - spi - ration pure and high, In spir - it - worship and in prayers,
 3. In eve-ry great and generous thought, In eve - ry throb of sympathy, Our hearts are drawn more near to heaven

Are spir - its of the blessed most near.
 That have, no lan - guage but a sigh.
 Where live the friends we long to see.

4

Then seek them not 'mid clouds and gloom
 Or tears that dim the feeble light ;
 But strive, though with a faltering wing,
 To follow in their path of light.

5

Then faint not in the "march of life,"
 Nor hang thy drooping eyelids more ;
 'Tis hope, 'tis faith, 'tis trust in God,
 That will the lost again restore.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE. C. M.

1. Oh! earth hath not a leaf so green, Hath not so sweet a
 2. Then cull not fading flowers that grow Up - on earth's bar - ren


3. But deck thy - self with gar - lands rich, From E - den's balm - y

The first system of the musical score is written for three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music consists of eighth and quarter notes, with lyrics written below the staves.

flower; But leaf, and bloom, by au-tumn winds, Are blast - ed in an hour.
 heath; From leaves of pas - sion, pride, or lust Weave not thy - self a wreath.

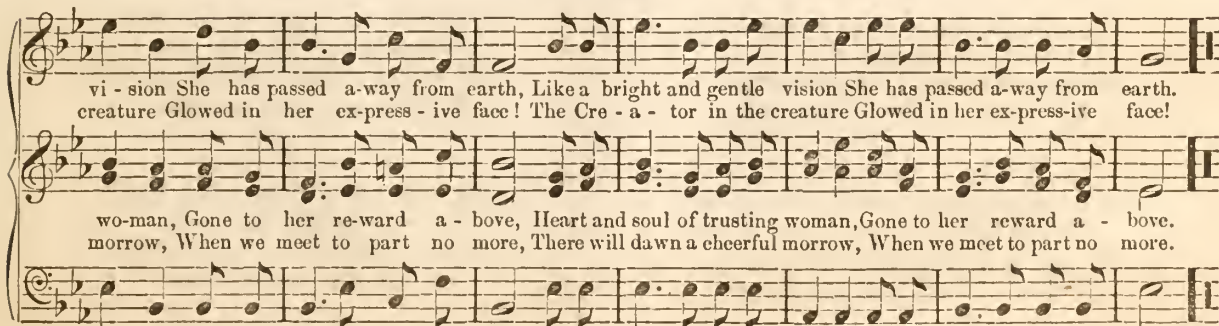
grove; Wo - ven from branch, and leaf and flower, Of Faith, and Hope, and Love.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves (single treble and grand staff) in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics continue below the staves, ending with a double bar line.



1. Af - ter life's e - vent - ful mis - sion. In her truth - ful - ness and worth, Like a bright and gentle
 2. Love - ly she in form and fea - ture! Blended pu - ri - ty and grace! The Cre - a - tor in the

3. An - gel of a na - ture hu - man! Essence of ce - les - tial love! Heart and soul of trusting
 4. Mourners, dry your tears of sor - row—Read the gold - en prom - ise o'er : There will dawn a cheerful



vi - sion She has passed a - way from earth, Like a bright and gentle vision She has passed a - way from earth.
 creature Glowed in her ex - press - ive face! The Cre - a - tor in the creature Glowed in her ex - press - ive face!

wo - man, Gone to her re - ward a - bove, Heart and soul of trusting woman, Gone to her reward a - bove.
 morrow, When we meet to part no more, There will dawn a cheerful morrow, When we meet to part no more.

1. As dis-tant lands beyond the sea, When friends go thence, draw nigh ; So heaven, when friends have thither gone, Draws nearer from the sky.
 2. And as those lands the dear - er grow, When friends are long away, So heaven it - self, through loved ones dead Grows dearer day by day.

3. Heaven is not far to those who see With the pure Spirit's sight, But near, and in the ve - ry hearts Of those who see a - right.

1

SECOND HYMN.

3

O come, ye weary ones of earth !
 Come listen to our call ;
 We bend in love, O listen now,
 And make our home your all.

2

O come and rest where love dies not,
 Where fadeless flowers aye bloom ;
 We bid you come—oh tarry not
 'To dwell 'mid care and gloom.

Why will ye linger by the way,
 Or doubt our guardian care ?
 We would impress you, come away,
 With us our bliss to share.

4

We love *you* with undying love !
 We wish you to be blest ;
 Then hasten, like a weary dove,
 To this your endless rest.

1. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God, Thro' all my fleeting days; And to e - ter - ni - ty prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2. Nor shall my tongue alone pro-claim The hon-ors of my God: My life, with all its active powers, Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3. Nor will I cease thy praise to sing, When death shall close mine eyes; My thoughts shall then to nobler heights, And sweeter rap-
[tures rise.

4. Then shall my my lips, in endless praise, Their grateful tribute pay; The theme demands an angel's tongue, And an eternal day.

SECOND HYMN.

- 1 The glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite

- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee the soul.

1. The glo-rious ar-mies of the sky To thee, al-migh-ty King, Tri-umph-ant anthems con - se-crate,
 2. But still their most ex - alt - ed flights Fall vastly-short of thee ; How dis - tant then must hu - man praise

3. Yet how, my God, shall I refrain, When, to my ravished sense, Each creature eve-ry - where a - round
 4. Thy num'rous works ex - alt thee, Lord, Nor will I si-lent be ; O rath-er let me cease to breathe,

And hal - le - lu - jahs sing, Tri-umphant an-thems con - se-crate, And hal - le - lu - jahs sing
 From thy per - fec - tions be, How dis-tant then must hu-man praise From thy per - fec - tions be.

Dis-plays thy ex - cel-lence, Each creature eve - ry-where a-round, Displays thy ex - cel-lence.
 Than cease from prais-ing thee, O rath-er let me cease to breathe, Than cease from prais-ing thee.

SISTER SPIRIT, COME AWAY.

83

1. Hear ye not those gen - tle whis-pers, Steal - ing on the balm - y air—
 2. See ye not those forms e - the - rial, Gen - tly hover - ing round my bed?
 3. In my ear he gen - tly whis-pers— "Sis - tar spir - it, come a - way;

4. No - bly fin - ished is thy mis-sion— Works of pa - tience, faith, and love—
 5. Heir of glo - ry, where - fore lin - ger? Fear not, shrink not, come a - way—
 6. Mount a - loft on gold - en pin - ions— Seek the man - sions of the blest;

Gen - tle as the ho - ly ves-pers At the sa - cred hour of prayer?
 See ye not the lov - ing angel, Who now holds my dy - ing head?
 Leave this vale of sin and sor - row, For the realms of end - less day.

En - ter now on the fru - i - tion Wait - ing thee in realms a - bove.
 I am sent, thy guard - ian spir - it, To con - duct to end - less day.
 On - ly 'mid the bliss of heav-en Can thy yearn - ing spir - it rest.

1. We stand here to- geth - er with cour- age and will, Re- solved the right cause to main - tain, With

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

hearts true and con- stant what - ev - er may come, We firm as the rocks will re - main, For the

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature. The vocal line continues with the same melodic pattern, and the piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic structure.

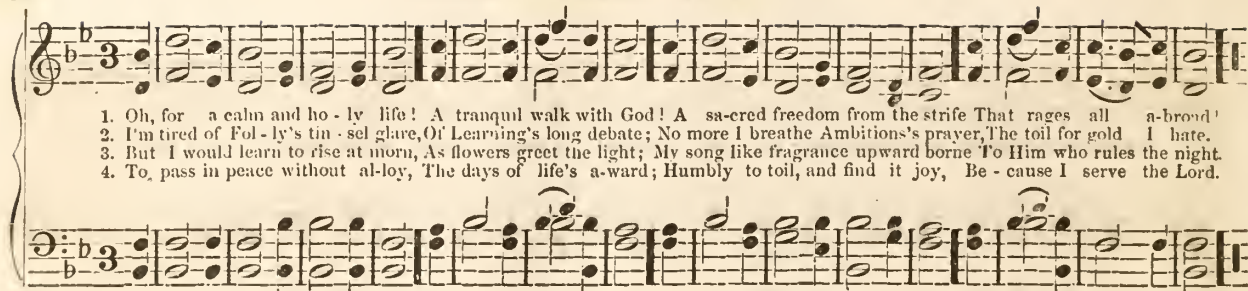


2.

An aim and a purpose be formed in each heart,
 Which yet must awake in their might,
 To raise the degraded, relieve the oppressed,
 And fearlessly stand for the right.
 For the right! for the right here unflinching we stand
 So pledge me the word, and so reach me the hand

3.

No fear, no self-seeking must enter our band,
 No question of evil report ;
 All nations, all people, of every land,
 To us must be brothers in heart.
 For the right! for the right all unflinching we stand,
 Here pledge me the word, and here join we the hand.



SECOND HYMN.

1

The sacred bond of perfectness
 Is spotless charity;
 O let us, Lord, we pray, possess
 The mind that was in thee.

2

Grant this, and then from all below,
 Insensibly remove;
 Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
 Made perfect first in love.

3

With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
 Into their paradise;
 And thence on wings of angels ride
 Triumphant through the skies.

4

Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove;
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our all in all is love.

DESIGNED FOR THE OPENING OF CIRCLES.

1. Ho - ly Father, gently bless us, As we meet in love to-night, Let no earthly care oppress us, May we all be filled with light.

2. Lov-ing spir-its hov-er o'er us, Angels bright, in truth arrayed, Ope the path of life before us, Lead us on to cloudless day.

3. Let no jarring thought divide us, Sweetest harmony be ours; Wisdom's richest feast, provide us, As we pass these happy hours.

SECOND HYMN.

1

May the grace of Guardian Angels,
 And the Father's boundless love
 With the Loving Spirits' favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

2

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

FOR THE CLOSE OF CIRCLES.

1. Fa - ther of spir - its, take, O take, The glo - ry of thy grace; Thy gifts to thee we ren - der back,

2. With love and har - mo - ny we came In sin - gle-ness of heart; We met, O Lord, in thy blest name,

In rapturous songs of praise, In rapturous songs of praise.

And in thy name we part, And in thy name we part.

3
We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in love are joined,
And hand in hand go on.

4
Subsists as in us all one soul:
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

1. Trem-ble soft - ly, harpstrings, tremble, Gen-tly to the morn-ing air ; 'Mid the sweet re - pose of na-ture,
 2. Ro - sy morning light is gleaming Brightly o - ver bush and tree, While ere-a - tion new - ly waking,

3. Through the grove's green, winding arch-es Hymns from wing-ed choirs resound, Clouds of sweetest incense ris - ing,
 4. On the wings of morn-ing ris - ing, May my spir - it up-ward fly, Till I sing the songs of heav-en

All my songs are turned to prayer, 'Mid the sweet re - pose of na-ture, All my songs are turned to prayer.
 Joins the joy - ful har-mo - ny, While ere - a - tion new - ly wak-ing, Joins the joy - ful har - mo - ny.

From the breath of flowers around, Clouds of sweetest in - cense ris - ing, From the breath of flowers around.
 With the an - gel choir on high, Till I sing the songs of heav-en With the an - gel choir on high.

1. Calm is the tho't which angels bring To cheer the lonely and depressed, And loud the anthem which they sing, Amid the realms where all are blest.

2. Deep is the spring whose waters rise From depths within the new-born soul: Where streams gush up to greet the skies, And thro' their radiant [bosom roll.

3. High is the realm where angels dwell, In cloudless splendor sweetly bright, Where gladd'ning strains of music swell Thro' mansions of eternal light.

4. Sing in the depths of holy joy, Ye dwellers of the shadowed earth; For bliss which sense cannot alloy, Thrills the pure spirit in its birth.

SECOND HYMN.

1

Why should we mourn that changes come,
 When 'neath the cold and shrouded snow,
 The grass and flowers may shelter find,
 And in the darkness bud and grow?

2

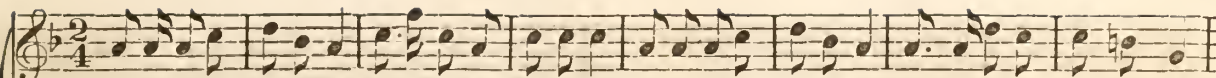
Why should we mourn that clouds are formed,
 And o'er our drooping spirits fly?
 The law that forms the clouds, expands
 The bow and brings unclouded sky

3

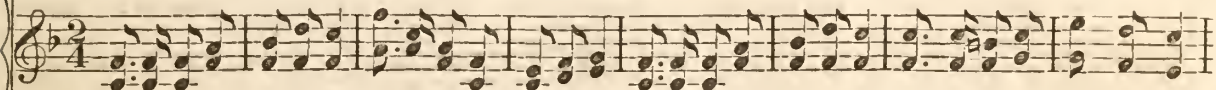
Our hopes may fall like leaves away,
 As swiftly pass each winged hour,
 But leaves ne'er fall until the fruit
 Is formed within the bursting flower.

4

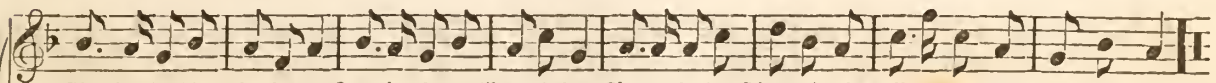
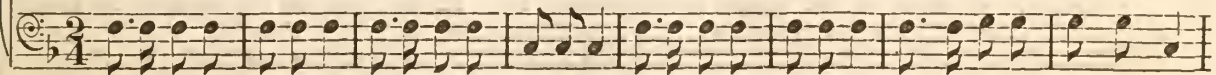
Then change is angel of the soul,
 That keeps all things from swift decay,—
 Through which the crystal here is formed,
 And life anew may spring away.



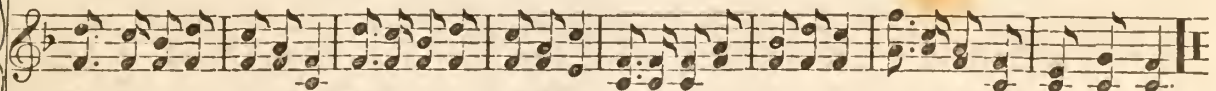
1. High in yonder realms oflight, Dwell the raptured ones above; Far beyond our feeble sight, lies their home of end-less love.



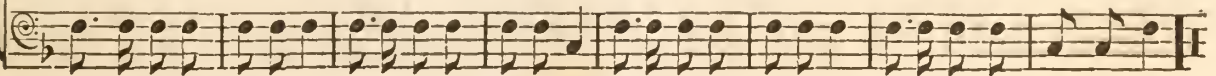
2. Happy spirits, ye, are fled, ye are fled Where no grief can entrance find; Lulled to rest the aching head, Soothed the anguish of the mind.



Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us below, Gloomy doubts, Distressing fears, Torturing pain, and heavy wo.



'Mid the chorus of the skies, Mid the angelic lyres, above, Hark! their songs melodious rise, Songs of peace, and joy and love.



JOYFULLY

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly onward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits a - bove,)
 An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home;)

2. Friends fondly cherish'd have passed on be - fore, Waiting they watch me approaching the shore;)
 Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home;)

Soon with my pilgrimage ended be - low, Home to the land of bright spirits I go,

Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear; Harps of the blessed, your voi - ces I hear!

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly resting at home.

Rings with the har - mo - ny, heaven's high dome, Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.

.3

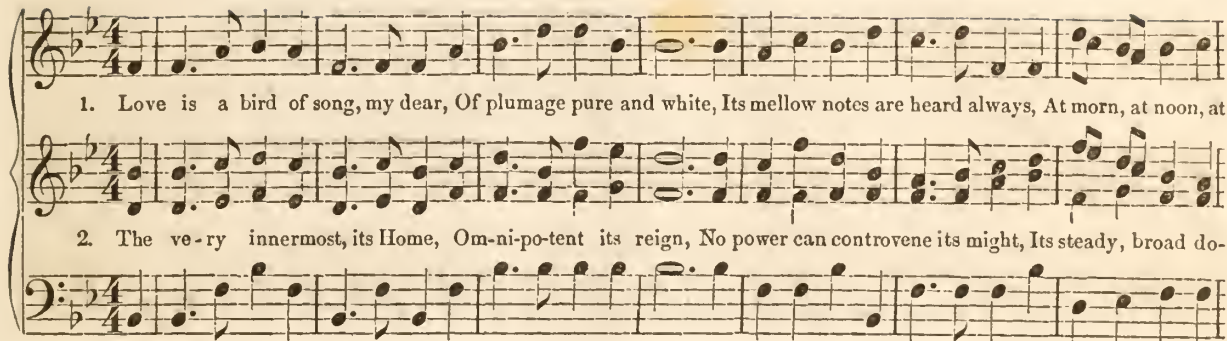
Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow,
 Spirits have broken the bars of the tomb ;
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home !
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone ;
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

END.

1. From every earthly pleasure, From every transient joy, From every mortal treasure, That soon will fade and die ;
 2. From every piercing sorrow That heaves our breast to-day, Or threatens us to-morrow, Hope turns our eyes a - way ;
 3. What tho' we are but strangers, And sojourners be - low ; And countless snares and dangers Surround the path we go .

D.C.

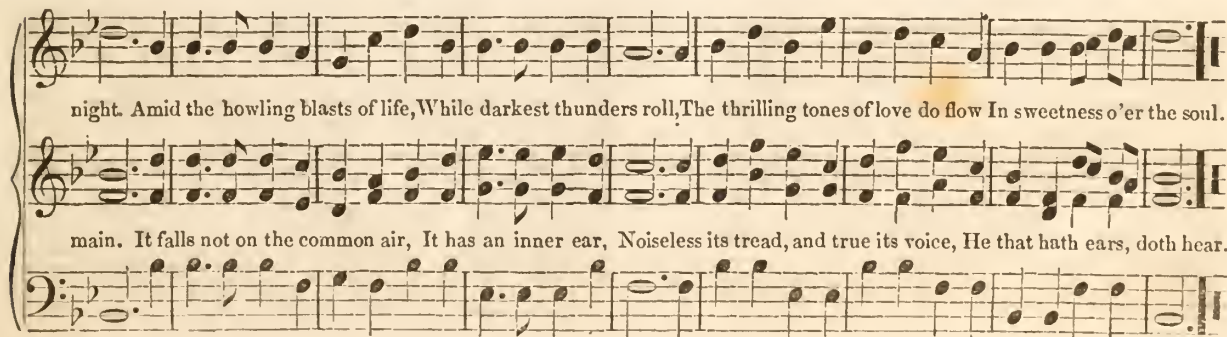
No longer these de - sir - ing, Up - ward our wish - es tend, To nobler bliss aspiring, And joys that never end.
 On wings of faith ascending We see the land of light, And feel our sorrows ending In In - fin - ite de - light.
 D.C.
 Though painful and distressing, Yet there's a rest above ; And onward still we're pressing, To reach that land of love .



1. Love is a bird of song, my dear, Of plumage pure and white, Its mellow notes are heard always, At morn, at noon, at

2. The ve-ry innermost, its Home, Om-ni-po-tent its reign, No power can controvene its might, Its steady, broad do-

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major, 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the top staff and the second line corresponding to the piano accompaniment.



night. Amid the howling blasts of life, While darkest thunders roll, The thrilling tones of love do flow In sweetness o'er the soul.

main. It falls not on the common air, It has an inner ear, Noiseless its tread, and true its voice, He that hath ears, doth hear.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the single melodic line, and the middle and bottom staves continue the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the top staff and the second line corresponding to the piano accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

1. Far a - way o'er the wa - ters of sor - row, The land of the lov - ing ap - pears, And our
 2. While mor - tals like shadows are mov - ing Through troubles and tears to the tomb, They

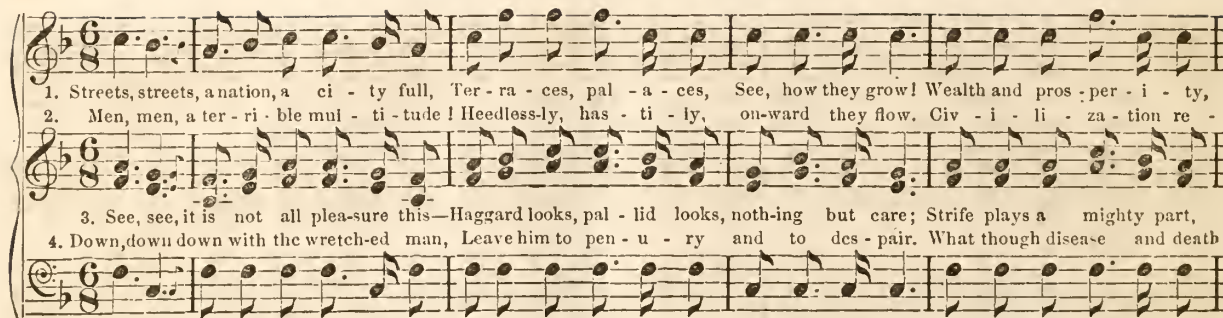
3. They come when the sky-lark is sing - ing, And morn - ing is blushing a - gain; The

hearts in their lone - li - ness bor - row, A joy from the beau - ti - ful spheres. But
 live in the rap - ture of lov - ing, The bless - ing, the beau - ty, the bloom. They

skies with their mu - sic is ring - ing, Peace, mer - cy and love un - to man. They

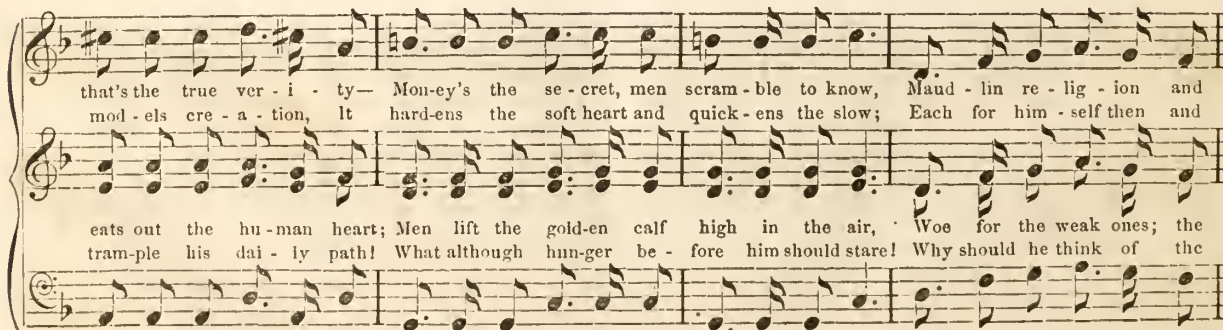
fair - est where all is per - fec - tion, And pur - est where all is di - vine, The
come with the dew in the ro - ses, When twi - light is fad - ing a - way, And
come in our ho - li - est hours, When love, the heart's in - most, un - bars, Like

an - gels of ho - ly af - fec - tion In ten - der ef - ful - gence out - shine.
the soul like a blos - som un - closes, To bloom in the in - fi - nite day.
spring with its fra - grance of flow - ers, Like night with its glo - ry of stars.



1. Streets, streets, a nation, a ci - ty full, Ter - ra - ces, pal - a - ces, See, how they grow! Wealth and pros - per - i - ty,
 2. Men, men, a ter - ri - ble mul - ti - tude! Heedless - ly, has - ti - ly, on - ward they flow. Civ - i - li - za - tion re -

3. See, see, it is not all plea - sure this—Haggard looks, pal - lid looks, noth - ing but care; Strife plays a mighty part,
 4. Down, down down with the wretch - ed man, Leave him to pen - u - ry and to des - pair. What though disease and death



that's the true ver - i - ty— Mon - ey's the se - cret, men scam - ble to know, Maud - lin re - lig - ion and
 mod - els cre - a - tion, It hard - ens the soft heart and quick - ens the slow; Each for him - self then and

eats out the hu - man heart; Men lift the gold - en calf high in the air, Woe for the weak ones; the
 tram - ple his dai - ly path! What although hun - ger be - fore him should stare! Why should he think of the

o - ver - spun char - i - ty— Glo - ri - ous show!
no man's re - la - tion— Wres - tle and throw!

strong takes the foremost start— An - y-thing's fair.
pleasures his fel - low hath— Why should he dare.

5 Lone, lone, lonely I wander here—
One in a million, like one 'mid the sea;
No one to wail with me, no one to sail with me
Over the billows that moan drowsily;
No one to thrive with me, no one to fail with me,
Sad though I be.

6 Life, life!—Is there no better life
Under this surface of bustle and roar?
Hard is the dreary road, heavy the weary load—
Would I were done with it, would it were o'er.
Courage, my heart, for the feet that have bravely trod.
Trod it before.

FORGET NOT THE LOVED. 11s & 9s.

J. B. PACKARD.

1. For - get not the loved; they are thinking of thee, In their home on the Par - a - dise shore; From the
2. But still as they gazethro' their soul-kin-dled eye On the home of bright glo-ry a - bove, They thrill

3. They talk in their speech like the mu - sic of birds, Of the dear ones they treasure be - low; And they
4. Then think of the loved, on the Par - a - diseshore; From earth's passionate thirst they are free, And their

fe - ver and pas - sion of Earth they are free, And the night of their an - guish is o'er. From the
thrill to the heart as they feel the sweet ties, Of the past, and its morning of love. They
sweep o'er the bosom's mys - te - ri - ous chords, And a - wake the sweet love thoughts that flow. And they
hearts like a fount of glad mu - sic run o'er, For still they are thinking of thee. And their

fe - ver and pas - sion of Earth they are free, And the night of their anguish is o'er.
thrill to the heart as they feel the sweet ties, Of the past, and its morn - ing of love.
sweep o'er the ho - som's mys - te - ri - ous chords, And a - wake the sweet love thoughts that flow.
hearts like a fount of glad mu - sic run o'er, For still they are thinking of thee.

Voice.

1. The voice of an an-gel Falls sweet on our ears, It whis-pers of goodness, That conquers our fears;
 2. It makes our souls hopeful, Makes joy-ful our life, Gives strength to our feelings, To o-ver-come strife;

3. We know that truth's brightness Shall dawn up-on earth, Sweet flowers spring around us, Of hea-ven - ly birth.

It speaks of a father, Who gov-erns in love, Who draws all his children To bright homes a - bove.
 We know that contention, That pride, hate and scorn, Will turn to sweet concord, In truth's beauteous morn.

Though eager to witness, All things ruled by love, We wait with calm patience, These gifts from a - bove.

1. O, lov - ing and for - giv - ing, Ye an - gel words of Earth, Years are not worth the
 2. O, stern and un - for - giv - ing! Ye e - vil words of life, That mocks the means of

3. O, lov - ing and for - giv - ing! Sweet sisters of the soul, In whose ce - les - tial

The first system of the musical score is written in treble and bass staves with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains three vocal parts with lyrics. The first two parts are for voices, and the third part is for piano accompaniment.

liv - ing, If ye too had not birth. O lov - ing and for - bear - ing, How
 liv - ing With nev - er end - ing strife! O, harsh and un - re - pent - ing, How

liv - ing The pas - sions find con - trol! Still breathe your influence o'er us, When

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It features the same vocal parts and piano accompaniment as the first system, with lyrics continuing across the staves.

sweet your missions are! The grief that ye are shar - ing Hath blessings in its tears.
would ye meet the grave, If heav'n, as un - re - lent - ing, For - bore not, nor for - gave.

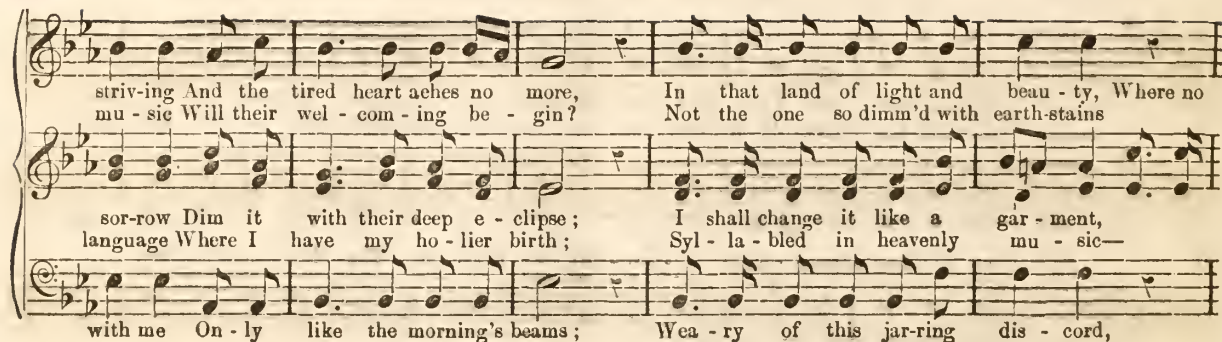
e'er by pas-sions crossed; And, an - gel - like, re - store us The Par - a - dise we lost.

IN THE LAND WHERE I AM GOING. 8s & 7s.

1. In the land where I am go - ing, When my earthly life is o'er, Where the tired hands cease their
2. When the spir - its who a - wait me Meet me at my entering in—With what name of love and

3 I have heard it all too of - ten Uttered by un - loving lips, Earthly care and sin and
4. For the an - gels will not call me By the name I bear on earth; They will speak a holier

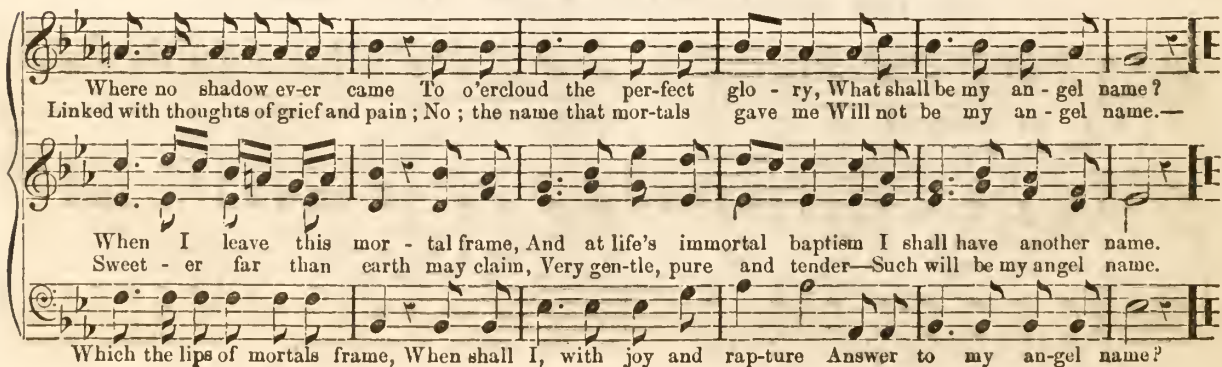
5. It has thrilled my spir - it of - ten In the holiest of my dreams, But its beauty lingers



striv-ing And the tired heart aches no more, In that land of light and beau-ty, Where no
mu-sic Will their wel-com-ing be-gin? Not the one so dimm'd with earth-stains

sor-row Dim it with their deep e-clipse; I shall change it like a gar-ment,
language Where I have my ho-li-er birth; Syl-la-bled in heavenly mu-sic—

with me On-ly like the morning's beams; Wea-ry of this jar-ring dis-cord,



Where no shadow ev-er came To o'ercloud the per-fect glo-ry, What shall be my an-gel name?
Linked with thoughts of grief and pain; No; the name that mor-tals gave me Will not be my an-gel name.—

When I leave this mor-tal frame, And at life's immortal baptism I shall have another name.
Sweet-er far than earth may claim, Very gen-tle, pure and tender—Such will be my angel name.

Which the lips of mortals frame, When shall I, with joy and rap-ture Answer to my an-gel name?

WAITING AT THE GATE.

Words by Miss A. W. SPRAGUE,
Music by J. H. C.

105

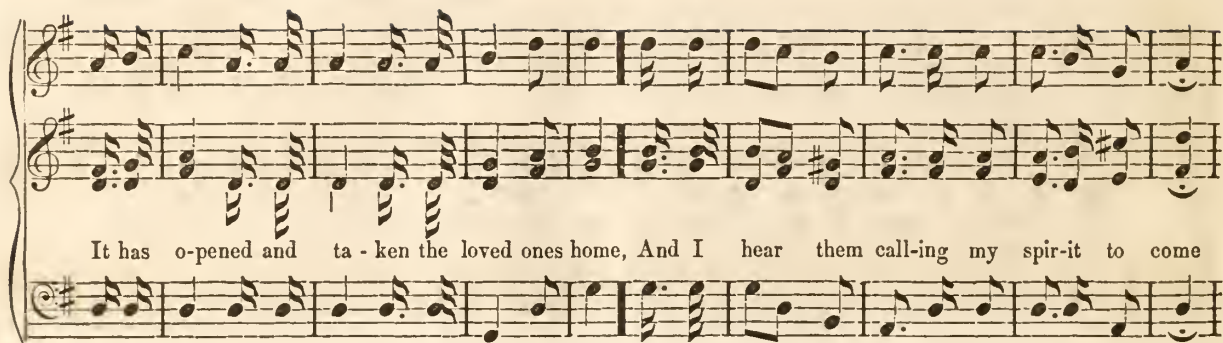
Written for, and dedicated to Father Benj. GLEASON.

1 I wait, I wait, at the gold - en gate That has opened and shut a - gain.

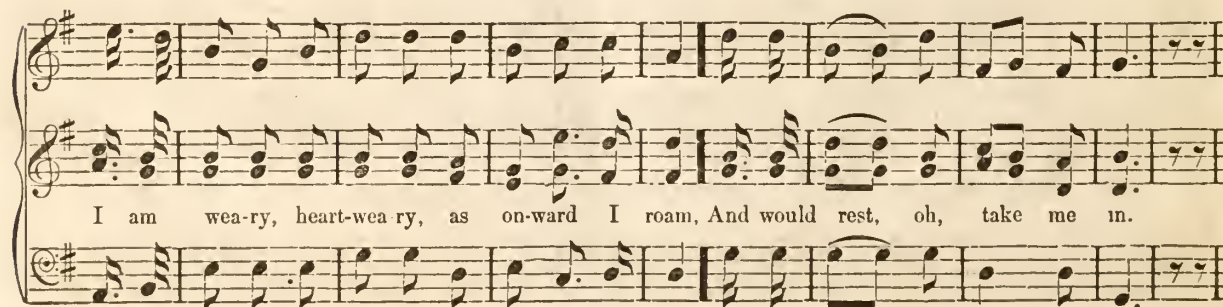
The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

My sun is set, it is grow - ing late, Bright Angels, oh, take me in,

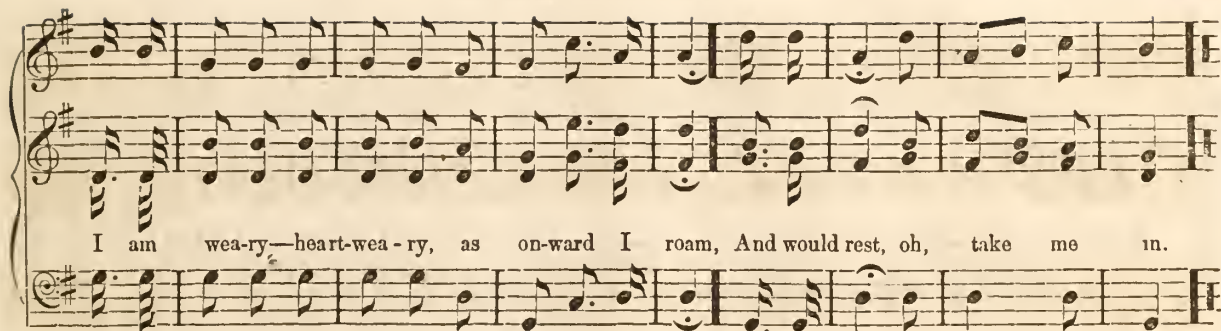
The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.



It has o-pened and ta - ken the loved ones home, And I hear them call-ing my spir-it to come



I am wea-ry, heart-wea-ry, as on-ward I roam, And would rest, oh, take me in.



2.

I gaze, I gaze, on the golden blaze
 Of the clouds in a summer even,
 Till they seem to me as the sunbright rays,
 That shine from the Courts in Heaven,
 Till they light my soul with a glorious gleam,
 Till I fancy them dreams that the angels dream,
 Till they fade, and the stars come forth and seem
 To my spirit as answers given.

4.

I see, I see, oft, the Eden Tree
 That is drooping with fruit most rare,
 And I know it is waiting, ah, waiting for me,
 In its richness and splendor to share,
 And my spirit, half fainting looks up, and is strong,
 For I hear the rich sound of the Seraphim's song
 That murmurs in sweetness, Not long, oh, not long,
 Shalt thou linger in mournfulness there."

3.

I hear, I hear, from the angel sphere
 A melody sweet and divine,
 Till I know that the ones I love are near,
 That their spirits are singing to mine;
 Till I long on the billows to float far away
 Beyond the dark clouds and the sun's setting ray,
 To the land of the morning, Heaven's own glorious day,
 To thy home, dear lov'd one—to thine.

6.

Then I'll wait, I'll wait, at the golden gate,
 Till it opens and shuts again,
 Though my sun is set, 'ho' 'tis growing late,
 I will wait, till they take me in,
 For I know the bright hour is coming to me,
 When my spirit will spring from its bondage free,
 Through the golden gate I will pass to thee,
 Loved one, and be taken in.

1. The mellow eve is glid - ing Serene - ly down the west ; So, every care sub-sid-ing, My soul would sink to

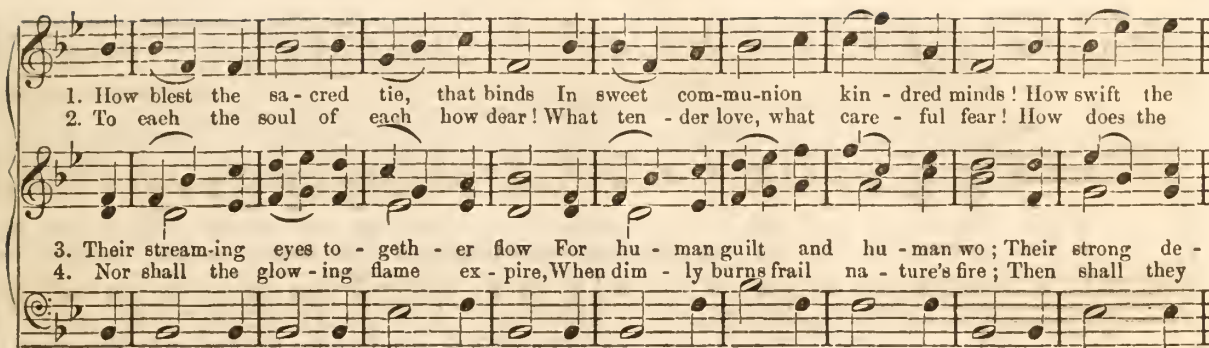
2. The evening star has light - ed Her crys-tal lamp on high ; So, when in death benighted, May hope illumine the

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains the melody for the first two lines of the song. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written between the staves, with line numbers 1 and 2 indicating the start of each line of text.

rest. The woodland's hum is ringing The daylight's gentle close ; May angels round us singing, Thus hymn my last repose.

sky. In golden splendor dawning The morrow's light shall break ; So, on the last bright morning Shall I in glory wake.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and 4/4 time. The lyrics continue across the staves, with line numbers 1 and 2 indicating the start of each line of text.



1. How blest the sa - cred tie, that binds In sweet com - mu - nion kin - dred minds ! How swift the
 2. To each the soul of each how dear ! What ten - der love, what care - ful fear ! How does the

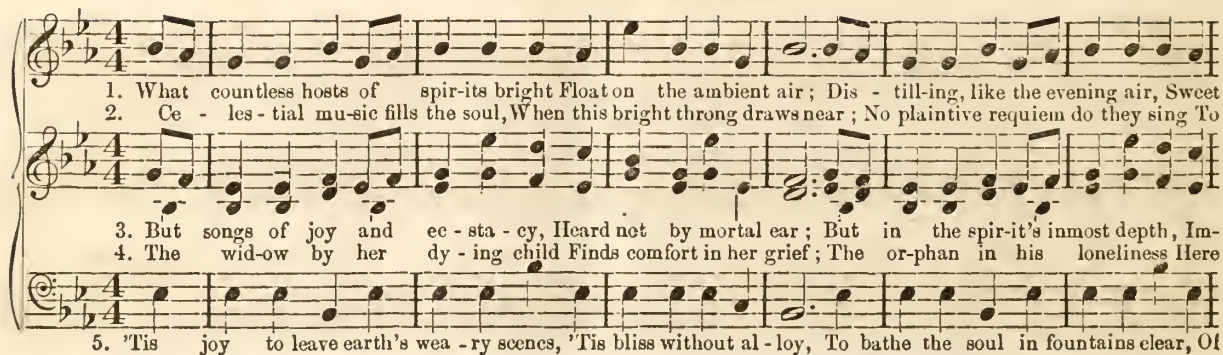
3. Their stream - ing eyes to - geth - er flow For hu - man guilt and hu - man wo ; Their strong de -
 4. Nor shall the glow - ing flame ex - pire, When dim - ly burns frail na - ture's fire ; Then shall they



heaven - ly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.
 gener - ous flame with - in Re - fine from dross and cleanse from sin !

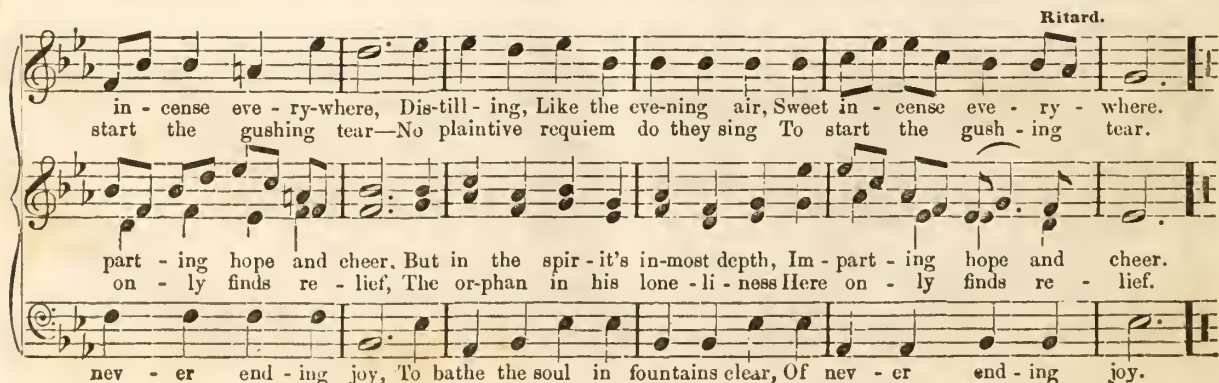
sires to - geth - er rise, Like ming - ling flames of sac - ri - fice.
 meet in realms a - bove, A heaven of joy - a heaven of love.

WHAT COUNTLESS HOSTS OF SPIRITS BRIGHT. C. M.



1. What countless hosts of spir-its bright Float on the ambient air; Dis - till-ing, like the evening air, Sweet
 2. Ce - les - tial mu-sic fills the soul, When this bright throng draws near; No plaintive requiem do they sing To
 3. But songs of joy and ec - sta - cy, Heard not by mortal ear; But in the spir-it's inmost depth, Im-
 4. The wid-ow by her dy - ing child Finds comfort in her grief; The or-phan in his loneliness Here
 5. 'Tis joy to leave earth's wea - ry scenes, 'Tis bliss without al - loy, To bathe the soul in fountains clear, Of

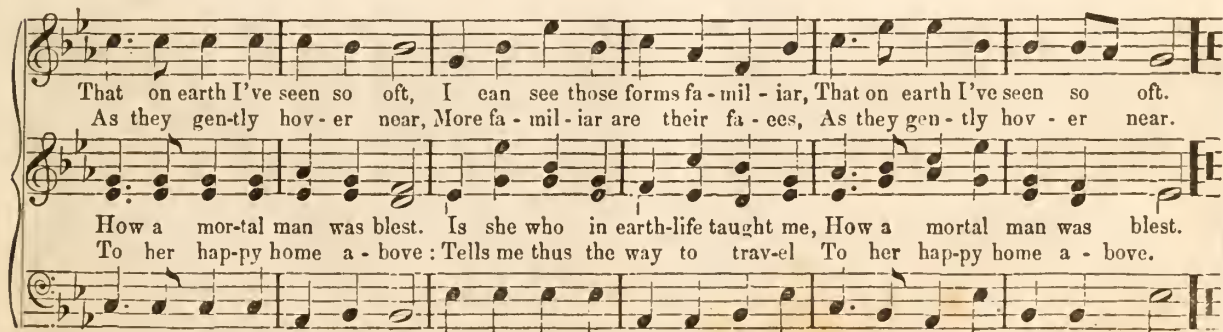
Ritard.



in - cense eve - ry - where, Dis - till - ing, Like the eve - ning air, Sweet in - cense eve - ry - where.
 start the gushing tear—No plaintive requiem do they sing To start the gush - ing tear.
 part - ing hope and cheer, But in the spir - it's in - most depth, Im - part - ing hope and cheer.
 on - ly finds re - lief, The or - phan in his lone - li - ness Here on - ly finds re - lief.
 nev - er end - ing joy, To bathe the soul in fountains clear, Of nev - er end - ing joy.



1. Through the e - ther, where the a - zure Greet my eyes, so mild and soft, I can see those forms fa - mil - iar,
 2. Nearer, near - er they are com - ing; Brighter, brighter they ap - pear; More fa - mil - iar are their fa - ces,
 3. Loved they all are, but one dear - er To my heart than all the rest, Is she who in earth - life taught me,
 4. She who while in mor - tal cask - et Taught me how the an - gels love, Tells me thus the way to trav - el



That on earth I've seen so oft, I can see those forms fa - mil - iar, That on earth I've seen so oft.
 As they gen - tly hov - er near, More fa - mil - iar are their fa - ces, As they gen - tly hov - er near.
 How a mor - tal man was blest. Is she who in earth - life taught me, How a mortal man was blest.
 To her hap - py home a - bove : Tells me thus the way to trav - el To her hap - py home a - bove.

LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.* 8s & 7s. Composed by J. M. B. E. P

Slow.

1. Let me kiss him for his mother! Ere you lay him with the dead, Far a-way from home, another Sure may kiss him in her stead. How that

2. Let me kiss him for his mother! Let me kiss the wandering boy; It may be there is no oth-er Left be-hind to give her joy. When the

3. Let me kiss him for his mother! Heroes ye, who by his side Waited on him as a broth-er, Till the North-ern stranger died, Heeding

4. Let me kiss him for his mother! Loving thought and loving deed! Seek not tear nor sigh to smother, Gen-tle matrons, while ye read. Thank the

mother's lip would kiss him Till her heart should nearly break! How in days to come She'll miss him! Let me kiss him for her sake. news of woe the morrow Burns her bo-som like a coal, She may feel this kiss of sor-row Fall as balm up-on her soul.

Ritard.

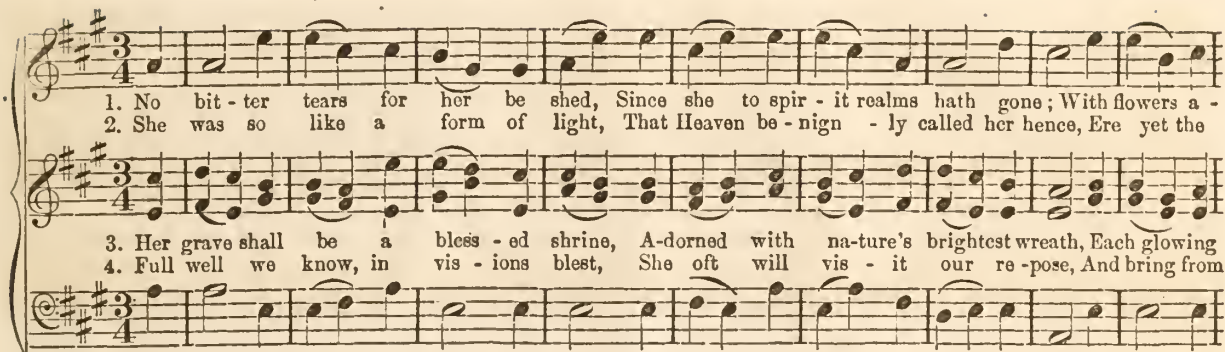
not the soul In-fec-tion, Breathing In the fever-breath, Let me, of my own e-lec-tion, Give the moth-er's kiss In death. God who made you human. Gave you pitying tears to shed; Hon-or ye the Christian wo-man Bend-ing o'er an-oth-er's dead.

not the soul In-fec-tion, Breathing In the fever-breath, Let me, of my own e-lec-tion, Give the moth-er's kiss In death. God who made you human. Gave you pitying tears to shed; Hon-or ye the Christian wo-man Bend-ing o'er an-oth-er's dead.

* A young man, who had left his home in Maine, ruddy and vigorous, was seized with the yellow fever in New Orleans; and though nursed with devoted care by friendly strangers, he died.—While the coffin was being closed, "Stop," said an aged woman who was present: "let me kiss him for his Mother!"

NO BITTER TEARS FOR HER BE SHED. L. M.

113



1. No bit - ter tears for her be shed, Since she to spir - it realms hath gone; With flowers a -
 2. She was so like a form of light, That Heaven be - nign - ly called her hence, Ere yet the

3. Her grave shall be a bless - ed shrine, A-dorned with na-ture's brightest wreath, Each glowing
 4. Full well we know, in vis - ions blest, She oft will vis - it our re - pose, And bring from



bove we strew her bed, Our ev - er blest, de - part - ed one.
 world could breathe one blight' O - ver her bloom - ing in - no - cence.

sea - son shall com - bine, To ev - er there its in - cense breathe.
 her bright homo of rest A heal - ing balm for all our woes.

BETTER LAND. L. M.

1. There is a bet - ter land than this, A world of peace, and love and joy, Where
 2. There is a world di - vine - ly fair, A land of love and dear de - light—And

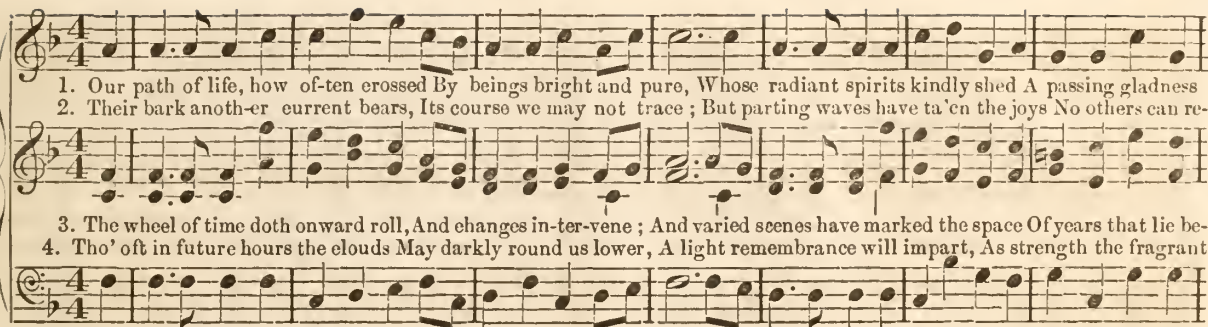
3. No pains, no cares, no sor - rows grow, In that glad sphere of light and love; But
 4. O could its beauties all un - fold, Could grovel - ling mor - tals, on it gaze, The

6. Fly up, my soul, on wings of light; I long to see this bless - ed shore; Where

hap - py spir - its dwell in bliss, And pleas - ures bloom that nev - er cloy.
 the bright glo - ries beam - ing there, For - ev - er fill th' en - rap - tured sight.

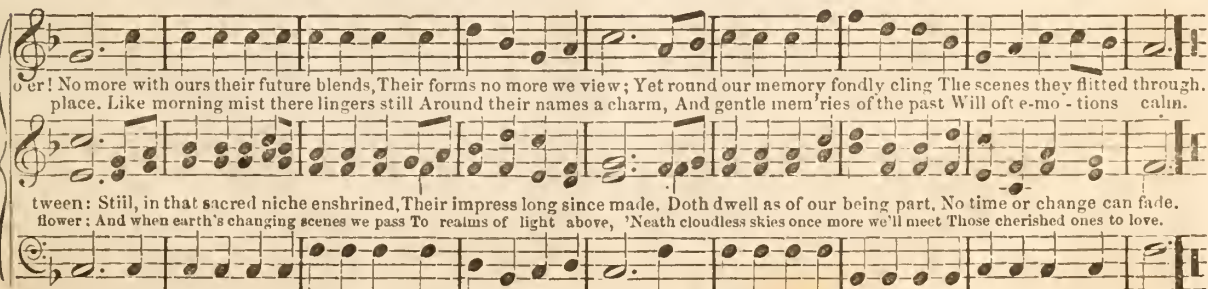
heal - ing plants for eve - ry woe Im - mor - tal bloom wher - e'er we rove.
 daz - zling sight could they be - hold Would fill with won - der and a - maze.

no' a pain nor ill can blight The joys that live for - ev - er - more.



1. Our path of life, how of-ten crossed By beings bright and pure, Whose radiant spirits kindly shed A passing gladness
 2. Their bark anoth-er current bears, Its course we may not trace ; But parting waves have ta'en the joys No others can re-

3. The wheel of time doth onward roll, And changes in-ter-vene ; And varied scenes have marked the space Of years that lie be-
 4. Tho' oft in future hours the clouds May darkly round us lower, A light remembrance will impart, As strength the fragrant



er ! No more with ours their future blends, Their forms no more we view ; Yet round our memory fondly cling The scenes they flitted through.
 place. Like morning mist there lingers still Around their names a charm, And gentle mem'ries of the past Will oft e-mo-tions calm.

tween : Still, in that sacred niche enshrined, Their impress long since made, Doth dwell as of our being part, No time or change can fade.
 flower : And when earth's changing scenes we pass To realms of light above, 'Neath cloudless skies once more we'll meet Those cherished ones to love.



1. There is a land far, far a - way, Be-neath whose calm and pla - cid skies No dark-ness comes to
 2. And in our dreams we see that land, And on its shores bright forms ap - pear, The loved ones that in

3. And in the pure and end-less sea That rests on summer's brow at night, The soul that's pure, should
 4. I can - not doff all hu - man fear, The soul still lin - gers with re - gret, For life, tho' dimmed by



cloud the day, And storms and tempests nev - er rise, There mu - sic sweet is float-ing round, In strains de - licious
 oth - er days Once braved with us life's per - ils here; Im - mor - tal beau - ty crowns their brow, And love-light in their

tranquil - ly Be waft-ed to that world of light. There, ev - er - more, O, ev - er - more A-mid that land of
 many a tear, Has some things that are love-ly yet; But there are lone and wea - ry hours, And love can change and

Ritard.

ev - er heard, On winds by an - gel pinions fanned, From harps by an - gel fin - gers stirred
 star - ry eyes, Tell us that souls tho' part - ed here, Are one in love in earth and skies.

fadeless flowers, We'll live and love while youth and song, And all but grief and pain are ours.
 hope de - part, Then, blessed thought, there is a rest, A rest for eve - ry wea - ry heart.

VICTORY IN DEATH. L. M.

1. Sweet is the scene when lov'd ones die, When lov-ing souls re - tire to rest; How mild-ly beams the closing

2. Tri-umphant smiles the vic-tor's brow, Fann'd by some guardian an-gel's wing: O grave! where is thy victory

3. Then, O! my soul, wait thou thy time, In Hope and faith and trust-ing love, Till Angels, call thee to that

eye, How gen - tly heaves th' ex - pir - ing breast. So fades a sum - mer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when
 now, And where, O death! where, is thy sting? A ho - ly quiet reigns a - round, A calm which life nor
 elime, To dwell in brighter realms a - bove. Life's la - bor done, then sinks the clay, Freed from its load the

storms are o'er; So gen - tly shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave a - long the shore.
 death destroys; And naught dis - turbs that peace pro - found. Which his un - fet - tered soul en - joys.
 spir - it flies; At - tend - ing an - gels point the way, To high - er life in bright - er skies.

ZEPHYR. 8s & 7s.

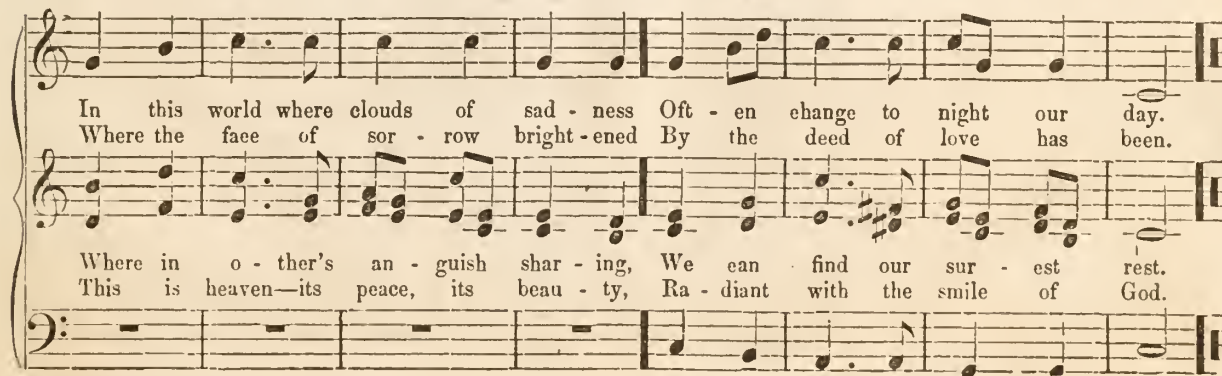
Arranged from BEETHOVEN.
Poetry by J. G. ADAMS.

115

Dolce.



1. Heaven is here; its hymns of glad-ness Cheer the true be-liev-er's way,
2. Heaven is here; where mis-ery light-ened Of its hea-vy load is seen;
3. Where the bound, the poor, de-spair-ing, Are set free, sup-plied and blest;
4. Where we heed the voice of du-ty, Ra-ther than man's praise or rod;



In this world where clouds of sad-ness Oft-en change to night our day.
Where the face of sor-row bright-ened By the deed of love has been.
Where in o-ther's an-guish shar-ing, We can find our sur-rest rest.
This is heaven—its peace, its beau-ty, Ra-diant with the smile of God.

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